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ARGUMENT.

LAIUS, king of Thebes, being childless, sent to the oracle of Delphi to enquire touching hope of issue, and received this answer :

*Laius, Labdakus' son, thy petition shall not be denied :
I will give thee a child ; yet beware !—by the Fates
ordained it is.*

*That thou by thine own son's hands shalt perish ! The
doom is this*

*Of Zeus ; for he hearkened to Pelops' curse, who for
vengeance cried*

*For his son whom thou slewest, and prayed that to thee
all this might betide.*

Therefore, when a son was born to him, he pinned the babe's feet together with a spike of bronze, and commanded it to be cast forth on Mount Kithairon to perish. But the child was strangely saved, and became son by adoption of the king of Corinth, being named Oedipus, "the Swollen-footed," from the wounds in his feet. Now when he grew to man, and doubted of whom he was born, he went to Delphi to enquire touching his birth. But the oracle told him only that he was doomed to slay his own father, and to wed his own mother. So he feared to return to Corinth, and journeyed towards Thebes. And being set upon in the way by the servants of an aged traveller, he slew both master and men. So he came to Thebes, and delivered the city from the leaguer of the Sphinx, in guerdon whereof the people made him king, since the old king Laius returned not alive from a pilgrimage to Delphi ; and they also gave him Queen Iokasta to wife. Then in process of time a pestilence came upon the land, and they sent to enquire of the oracle concerning this.

And herein is told how thereby all the unnatural sins of Oedipus were brought to light.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OEDIPUS, *son of Læus and Iokasta, king of Thebes.*

KREON, *brother of Iokasta.*

TEIRESIAS, *a blind prophet.*

PRIEST of Zeus.

IOKASTA, *mother and wife of Oedipus.*

MESSENGER *from Corinth.*

HERDMAN.

SERVANT.

CHORUS, *consisting of Theban elders.*

SCENE :—In front of the palace at Thebes.

OEDIPUS THE KING.

*A throng of suppliants gathered round the altar
before the palace. Enter Oedipus.*

OEDIPUS.

My children, ancient Kadmus' latest-born,
What means this session, wherein seated thus
I mark you bearing wreathed suppliant-boughs ?
And Thebes is misty all with incense-smoke,
And loud with moans and intercession-hymns.
The cause hereof I thought not good, my sons,
To hear from messengers : myself have come,
I, Oedipus, on all men's lips renowned.
Thou, ancient, tell—thy natural right it is
To speak for these—in what mood here ye wait ; 10
In fear or longing ?—seeing I am fain
To help mine utmost. Iron-souled were I,
Except I pitied such a suppliant throng.

PRIEST.

Nay, Oedipus, thou ruler of my land,
Thou seest of what diverse age we be
Which at thine altars sit : some weak as yet
For far-winged flight, some bowed with weight of
years,

Priests they—of Zeus I—chosen of the youths
Be some. All folk save these, with branches wreathed
Sit in the market-stead, by Pallas' fanes 20
Twain, and Ismenus' ashes prophecy-fraught.
For heavily labours Thebes, thyself mayst see
Now, and no more can she uplift her head
From wallowing in the trough of deathly surge,
Blasted in fruitful blossoms of her soil,
Blasted in pasturing herds, in barren travail
Of wives ; the fiery God, the baleful plague,
Hath swooped withal on us, and harrieth Thebes,
Whereby is Kadmus' home made desolate,
But rich with sighs and wails black Hades grows. 30
Not that we deem thee mighty as the Gods,
Sit I and these thy children suppliant here ;
But in life's chances, and in visitations
Of Heaven, do we account thee first of men,
Who camest and didst snap from Kadmus' town
The tribute-chain by that stern songstress forged,
Though for thy guidance nought thou hadst learnt of
us,
Though none had schooled thee ; but by some God's
aid,
'Tis said, 'tis felt, thou didst restore us life.
Now Oedipus, mightiest lord in all men's eyes, 40
All we petition thee, all suppliants here,
To find us succour, whether thou hast heard
A God's voice, or by man's wit knowest aught ;
For most in men toil-tested have I marked
How in their counsels' issues stirreth life.
Up, chiefest man of men, raise prostrate Thebes.
Up, guard thy fame ; for this land calls thee now
Her saviour, for thy championship of old.
Let us not, when we call thy reign to mind,
Say, ' Then we rose up, but we fell again.' 50

Nay, raise our Thebes in stablished steadfastness.
For thou with prosperous omen gavest us
That olden fortune—show thee now the same.
If thou wilt rule this land, who art her lord,
Better be lord of peopled homes than void :
For tower and ship alike be nothing-worth
Untenanted, if no man dwell therein.

OEDIPUS.

Ah, woeful children, known to me, well known
The need is that hath brought you. Well I wot
Ye are stricken all—yet, stricken as ye are, 60
So sorely stricken as I is none of you.
Your pain falls on each several self of you
Alone, and on none other : but my soul
Groans o'er the city, o'er myself, o'er thee.
Therefore from slumber of sleep ye rouse me not :
Nay, be ye sure I have wept full many tears,
Paced many ways in wanderings of thought.
Now, the one remedy my keen search hath found,
This have I fashioned : for Menoikeus' son,
Kreon, my marriage-kinsman, have I sent
To Phoebus' Pythian halls, to learn whereby, ⁷⁰ *oracle or law*
By deed or word, I may deliver Thebes.
I am troubled now—he went so long time forth—
Musing how fares he ; for beyond all reason
He overstays by this the fitting time.
But when he cometh, recreant were I then
If I perform not all the God reveals.

PRIEST.

In season hast thou spoken : even now
These point to me where Kreon draweth nigh.

OEDIPUS.

Apollo, King! vouchsafe that he may come 80
With saviour fortune radiant as his eyes!

PRIEST.

He bringeth joy, by seeming; else his brows
Were not thick-shadowed with full-berried bay.

OEDIPUS.

Soon shall we know: my voice can reach him now.
Prince! kinsman mine! ho! thou Menoikeus' son,
What utterance from the God bring'st thou to us?
Enter Kreon.

KREON.

Good: even troubles, say I, if they hap
To reach fair issue, all shall turn to bliss.

OEDIPUS.

Nay, but the word—what is it? Stout of heart
Nor fearful am I made by this thy speech. 90

KREON.

If thou be pleased to hear while these stand nigh,
Ready am I to speak, or pass within.

OEDIPUS.

Speak before all. The grief I bear for these
Is heavier than my grief for mine own life.

KREON.

That which I heard the God tell will I speak.
King, Phcebus plainly biddeth us to drive
The land's pollution, harboured in this realm,
Hence, not to nurse the thing till past all cure.

OEDIPUS.

The nature of the curse, its cleansing, tell.

KREON.

The blood of murder rains in storm on Thebes : 100
Let outlawry, or death, for death atone.

OEDIPUS.

What man was this whose fate he here reveals ?

KREON.

Laius, O King, was ruler of this land
In days ere thou didst guide the city's helm.

OEDIPUS.

By hearsay well I know : I saw him never.

KREON.

Slain was he. Now Apollo plainly bids
Punish the murderers, whosoe'er they be.

OEDIPUS.

Where be they upon earth ? Where shall be found
The faint trace of this crime of long ago ?

KREON.

In this land, said he. ' That which is sought out 110
May yet be caught : the thing unwatched escapes.'

OEDIPUS.

And Laius—in his halls, or forth afield,
Or on strange soil, met he this murder-stroke ?

KREON.

To Delphi journeying, as he told us. Home
Never he came more, when he had set forth.

OEDIPUS.

Did none bring tidings? Fellow-wayfarer
Was none to see, whose tale could serve your use?

KREON.

Nay, slain were they, save one, who, fleeing in fear,
Of all things seen could surely tell but one.

OEDIPUS.

Ay, what was this? One thing might find out many,
Could we but first win some small seed of hope. [120

KREON.

Robbers, he said, fell in with him and slew—
Hand joined in wicked hand, no one man's might.

OEDIPUS.

How should the robber, if he were not hired
With silver hence, dare such audacious deed?

KREON.

Such treason men surmised. But, Laius dead,
No helper for us in our troubles rose.

OEDIPUS.

What trouble barred your way, nor suffered you
To sift the thing, when thus a throne had fallen?

KREON.

The mystic-chanting Sphinx bade put aside 130
The unseen, and heed the mischief at the doors.

OEDIPUS.

From the beginning I will lay all bare
Once more; for well hath Phoebus, well hast thou

Given this good heed unto the dead man's cause.
 Me shall ye find, as meet is, leagued with you
 Avenging this land and the God withal.
 For not in any far-off friend's behalf,
 Nay, in mine own, this taint shall I dispel.
 For whosoc'er slew him might lust to wreak
 Vengeance on me too with like ruthless hand. 140
 So, when I champion him, I serve myself.
 With all speed, children, rise from the altar-steps,
 And take ye up these boughs of suppliance.
 Let one assemble hither Kadmus' folk.
 I will do all I may. We will be seen
 With God's help prospering, or low indeed.

PRIEST.

Children, let us arise : for this we came,
 Which now the King hath promised, hitherward.
 May Phœbus, he who sent this oracle, come
 Our saviour, and the stayer of the plague ! 150
*[Exeunt Oedipus, Priests, and
 throng of suppliants.]*

CHORUS.

(Str. 1)

Sweet-whispering word of the Father, from Pytho
 the treasure-heaping
 What meaning deep-hid dost thou bring
 Unto famed Thebes ? Strained on the rack is mine
 heart, is in terror leaping,—
 O Delian, O Healer-King !—
 Awe-stricken, and questioning
 What deed thou wilt work—be it new, or reborn as a
 flower re-unfolden
 When the seasons have danced into spring.

Answer me, Voice immortal, thou child of Hope the golden !

(*Ant.* 1)

First upon thee do I call, Athena, Zeus' Daughter undying,

And thy Sister who wardeth our land, 160
Artemis, glorious-throned with our Agora round her lying,

And Phœbus with far-smiting hand—

Great Three, for our champions ye stand :

Appear then, if ever aforetime ruin, on Thebes down-swooping,

By you from her borders was banned,

If ye quenched the flame of her plague, come now too earthward stooping !

(*Str.* 2)

Ay me for the numberless pangs that I bear !—my heart is woe

For a nation that lies

Plague-stricken, nor armour nor shield to turn aside the blow 170

Man's wit may devise.

The glory of earth is gone ; her increase faileth to grow ;

Nor by birth of the children may travailing women deliverance know

From their anguish-cries.

Soul after soul flitteth forth ; flashing swiftly as birds that soar,

From the body it flies

Fleeter than heaven's irresistible flame to the far-away shore

. Where the daylight dies.

(Ant. 2)

Unnumbered so do they perish—a city is this of the
dead !

Her slain everywhere

Lie unpitied with none to bewail ; their corruption
doth pestilence spread. 180

On the altar-stair

Are young wives flung prostrate, and many a mother's
hoary head :

Here upsoareth the wild supplication, there shivereth
low and dread

The wail of despair ;

And, blent with the voice of lamenting, the inter-
cession-chant

Thrills through the air.

Be thou moved for these things, O golden Daughter
of Zeus, to grant

Thy succour most fair !

(Str. 3)

The Destroyer is come up against me, not flashing 190
Bronze shields, yet with death-wails for battle-cries
crashing

Around him, he wraps me in flame of his war !

Back, chased by thy storm-wind, O drive him
afar

Even to the Sea-queen's wide dim cave,
Or the havenless cliffs where the surges rave

Of the Norland wave.

For on all that is spared by the night

Down swoopeth the ruining day.

Zeus, Father, whose strong hands sway 200

The flame of the thunderbolt's might,

This our enemy smite !

(Ant. 3)

O Lord Lyceian, that thou wert showering
 From thy gold-plaited string shafts all-overpowering
 To champion our cause in the face of the foe,
 And that there might the torches of Artemis glow
 Which flash over Lycian hills in her hand !
 Yea, I cry to thee, Lord of the gold brow-band
 Named after our land, 210
 Thou whose face gloweth ruddy as wine,
 Round whom ring Bacchanal cries ;
 On the God whom the Gods despise
 Charge thou in that phalanx divine
 With thy blazing pine !

Enter Oedipus.

OEDIPUS.

Thou prayest : for thy prayer, if thou wilt hear
 And heed my words, and minister to thine hurt,
 Help and relief from ills thou mayst obtain.
 I'll speak them : to this tale a stranger I,
 A stranger to the deed, not far could I 220
 Track it, as having thereunto no clue.
 So—being enrolled too late your fellow-burgher—
 To you, Kadmeians all, I publish this :
 Whoso of you hath knowledge by whose hands
 Laius, son of Labdakus, was slain,
 I bid this man declare all unto me.
 If guilt make him afraid, let him denounce
 Himself, so bar the peril. He shall suffer
 Nought ruthless then, shall leave the land unscathed.
 If any know an alien for the man 230
 That did the deed, let him not hold his peace.
 Gold, yea, my gratitude, shall guerdon him.

But if ye hold your peace, if any in fear
 Would screen or friend or self from my behest,
 What then will I do, hear ye from my mouth.
 That man—I here forbid that any one
 Of this land whose dominion and whose throne
 I hold, shall harbour him, shall speak to him,
 Shall make him partner in his prayers to Gods,
 In sacrifice, or purifying urn. 240
 Let all men thrust him forth their doors : even he
 Is our pollution, as the oracle
 Of God from Pytho spake but now to me.
 Lo now, such am I in my championship
 Both of the deity and yon dead man.
 I curse the murderer—whether secretly
 Alone he did it, or with many leagued,—
 To waste his vile life vilely in misery.
 I pray withal that I, if he become
 Inmate of my house with my privy, 250
 May suffer all the curse I have cast on these.
 On you I lay it to fulfil all this,
 For my sake, and the God's, and this land's sake,
 The soil with barrenness blasted thus and banned.
 Yea, though the matter were not god-enjoined,
 Unmeet it were to leave her guilt unpurged—
 When perished hath her noblest, yea, her king,—
 And not to search it out. Now, seeing I
 Hold that authority which he held of yore,
 And hold his bed, his wife, joint harvest-field 260
 Of twain—yea, sons begotten of him had been
 Brothers of mine,¹ had not his issue failed :—
 But, as it fell, down on his head rushed fate.
 Wherefore, as for mine own sire, I for him
 Will fight this fight, will do mine uttermost—

1. Similarly ambiguous in original.

Seeking to seize him whose hand spilt his blood—
For Labdakus' son, from Polydorus sprung,
And ancient Kadmus and Agenor old.
And whoso help me not herein, I pray
The Gods to grant no increase from their lands, 27
No children of their wives : be they cut off
By this day's doom—yea, some doom worse than this.
But for you other sons of Kadmus, all
Whose hearts are one with mine, may Justice fight,
And may all Gods befriend you evermore.

CHORUS.

Since thy curse toucheth me, this say I, King :
I neither slew him, nor can name the man
Who slew. For this quest, sure 'twas Phœbus' part,
Who sent this word, to tell who wrought the deed.

OEDIPUS.

Well hast thou said : yet may no man on earth 280
Constrain the Gods to do the thing they will not.

CHORUS.

Lo, mine heart's second thought I fain would speak.

OEDIPUS.

Though 'twere thy third, spare not to utter it.

CHORUS.

That King Teiresias most sees eye to eye
With King Apollo, I know. Of him might one
Enquire of this, O King, and sureliest learn.

OEDIPUS.

Nay, herein too no laggard have I been.
Two messengers have I sent, as Kreon bade ;
And marvel that long since he hath not come.

CHORUS.

Sooth, vague and timeworn was that ancient tale—290

OEDIPUS.

What tale ?—to every word I give due heed.

CHORUS.

Slain by some wayfarers was he, 'twas said.

OEDIPUS.

So heard I. Him who saw it none can find.

CHORUS.

If there is left one spark of dread in him,
He will not, hearing these thy curses, stay.

OEDIPUS.

He whom such deed appalled not, fears not words.

CHORUS.

But one there is shall yet convict him. Lo,
These hither bring the seer divine, in whom
Alone of men is very truth inborn.

Enter Teiresias, led by a child.

OEDIPUS.

Teiresias, who surveyest things revealed, 300
Things hidden, things of heaven, earth-treading things,
Our Thebes, albeit thou seest not, yet thou know'st

What her affliction is. In thee we find
 Her only champion and her saviour, prince.
 For Phœbus—if our messengers told thee not—
 To us who sought to him sent back reply,
 That from affliction shall deliverance
 Come only if we search out them that slew
 Laius, and slay, or banish them the land.
 Thou then begrudge nor revelation won 310
 From birds, nor any prophecy-path thou know'st ;
 But save thyself, the city save, and me,
 And save a whole land tainted by the dead.
 On thee we hang : man's noblest task is help
 Of men, as knowledge serves and strength avails.

TEIRESIAS.

Woe's me ! How dread a thing is wisdom, where
 It profits not the wise ! Well knew I this ;
 Yet I forgot ; else had I not come hither.

OEDIPUS.

What ails thee ? How despondent hast thou come !

TEIRESIAS.

| Let me go home. More lightly shalt thou bear 320
 | Thy load, I mine, if thou be ruled by me.

OEDIPUS.

Wrong words and thankless to thy fostress Thebes,
 If thou wouldst rob her of this revelation !

TEIRESIAS.

Ay !—for I mark how comes thy speech ill-timed
 For thee. Then lest my plight be even as thine—

OEDIPUS.

In God's name, turn not from us, if thou know!
Lo, at thy feet we bow in suppliance all!

TEIRESIAS.

Ay, fools ye all are! But I will reveal
Never mine own grief—that I say not thine.

OEDIPUS.

How? Know'st thou and wilt tell not, but dost mean
Us to betray, and whelm in ruin Thebes? [330

TEIRESIAS.

Thee will I pain not, nor myself. Why search
This out in vain? Of me thou shalt not learn it.

OEDIPUS.

And wilt thou, prince of knaves—why, thou wouldst
sting
A very stone to fury!—ne'er speak out?
Wilt show thee thus cold-hearted, stubborn still?

TEIRESIAS.

My mood thou blam'st: but *that which dwells with*
thee
Hast not discerned, but still on me dost rail.

OEDIPUS.

And who would not be wroth to hear such words [340
Wherewith thou now dost pour contempt on Thebes?

TEIRESIAS.

'Twill come self-brought, although my silence veil it.

OEDIPUS.

Will come? Shouldst thou not also tell it then?

TEIRESIAS.

I speak no further. Wherefore, an thou wilt,
Rage with the wrath of most infuriate beasts.

OEDIPUS.

Yea, I will spare thee nought—so wroth am I—
Of that I now discern! Know, I believe
Thou didst help plot the deed—yea, didst perform,
Save that thine hands mote not: but, hadst thou sight,
I would proclaim the deed too thine alone!

TEIRESIAS.

Is it even so?—I bid thee to abide 350
By thy decree late published. From this day
Speak not to these nor me. Thou art the man!—
The god-accurst polluter of this land!

OEDIPUS.

So shameless stirr'st thou up this viper-speech?
Whence shall thine absolution come for this?

TEIRESIAS.

I stand absolved. In me dwells mighty Truth.

OEDIPUS.

Who taught thee truth? Not of thine art it came!

TEIRESIAS.

Thou! Thou hast driven me, sorely loth, to speak.

OEDIPUS.

What speech? Again speak: let me better know.

TEIRESIAS.

Didst thou not understand ? Or dost but tempt me ?

OEDIPUS. [360

Not as to name it known. Speak yet again.

TEIRESIAS.

I name thee slayer of him whose slayer thou seekest.

OEDIPUS.

Such horror spoken twice !—but thou shalt rue !

TEIRESIAS.

Shall I say more yet, to enrage thee more ?

OEDIPUS.

Ay, all thou wilt ! In vain shall it be said.

TEIRESIAS.

Thou with thy dearest holdest intercourse }
Most shameful, blind to thy calamity.

OEDIPUS.

Ha ! think'st thou aye to talk thus, and not rue ?

TEIRESIAS.

Yea, in the truth if there be aught of might.

OEDIPUS.

That is there—save for thee ! For thee is none ! 370
Thine ears, thine heart, thine eyes—all, all are blind !

TEIRESIAS.

Poor wretch, who thus revilest ! There is none
Who shall not soon revile thee even so.

OEDIPUS.

Thou livest in one night ; thou canst not harm
Or me, or any one that seeth light.

TEIRESIAS.

Ay, by mine hand 'tis not thy weird to fall.
Apollo shall suffice : his task is this.

OEDIPUS.

Was Kreon framer of this plot, or thou ?

TEIRESIAS.

Kreon is not thy bane : thou art thine own.

OEDIPUS.

Ah, wealth, dominion, skill that soars beyond 380
All rivals' skill in this our emulous life !
What jealousy still harboureth with you !
Lo, for this crown's sake, which the city laid,
Her free gift, all unasked, within mine hand,
For this the loyal Kreon, friend from the first,
Privily undermines me, would thrust forth,
Suborns a sorcerer, weaver of webs of guile,
A wily juggler, who hath eyes alone
For gain, in art prophetic blind from birth—
For, speak, wherein art thou seer manifest ? 390
Why, when that Hound of riddling song was here,
Didst thou not speak deliverance to this folk ?
Yet was the riddle for no common man
To expound : of divination then was need.
Thou didst not step forth then, hadst not this lore
From birds, nor god-revealed. But I drew near—
' *Know-nothing Oedipus*,'—and hushed her voice.
Mine own wit mastered it untaught by birds.

And me thou schem'st to banish, thinking so
To stand the nearest unto Kreon's throne! 400
 Thou to thy grief, I ween, with thy co-plotter,
 Shalt drive 'the accursèd' forth! Wert thou not old,
 Suffering should teach thee whither tend thy thoughts.

CHORUS.

As we may make guess, both the prophet's words
 In wrath seem spoken, and thine, Oedipus.
 There need not such: to this we need to look,
How best to acquit us of the oracle.

TEIRESIAS.

Though thou be king, free speech and fair reply
 Not yet are dead: this right have even I.
 I live not thrall to thee, but Loxias. 410
 No vassal I, with Kreon for my liege.
 I say—since thou with blindness hast reviled me—
 Sight hast thou, yet seest not thine evil plight,
 Nor where thou dwellest, nor with whom thou liv'st.
Know'st whence thou art?—Thou art unawares a foe
 To thine own kin in Hades and on earth.
 Yea, like a twy-lashed scourge, thy mother's curse
 And sire's, dread-footed, shall from this land chase
 Thee, who look'st now on light, on darkness then!
 Then, then, what place shall haven not thine howls,
 Or what Kithæron-gorge not echo, and soon, 420
 When thou art ware to what home-wrecking port
 That fair wind drave thee, wafting marriage-ward!
 Nor seest thou other ills that throng to drag thee
 Down to *thy children's level*—and thine own.
 Wherefore on Kreon pour, and on my mouth
 Contempt. Of mortals none shall ever be
 More miserably blotted out than thou.

OEDIPUS.

Should one endure to hear this fellow rail ? [430
Hence to perdition ! Haste thee ! Get thee gone !
Turn from these dwellings back the way thou camest !

TEIRESIAS.

I had not come, I, hadst thou called me not.

OEDIPUS.

I knew not thou wouldst utter folly, else
Long had it been ere I had sent for thee.

TEIRESIAS.

Ay, such I am—as seems to thee—a fool ;
But, *to the parents who gave thee being*, wise.

OEDIPUS.

My parents ?—Stay ! What mortal gave me birth ?

TEIRESIAS.

This day shall find thee parents, find thee ruin.

OEDIPUS.

How darkly and in riddles say'st thou all !

TEIRESIAS.

Hast thou in solving riddles any peer ?

440

OEDIPUS.

Ay, sneer at greatness thou must needs acknowledge !

TEIRESIAS.

Yet thee this same fair fortune hath undone.

OEDIPUS.

Since I saved Thebes, the rest is nought to me.

TEIRESIAS.

I will depart. Thou, lead me hence, my child.

OEDIPUS.

Ay, let him lead thee ! Offence and stumbling-block
Thy presence is. Gone, thou wilt cease from
troubling.

TEIRESIAS.

I go, my message spoken, fearing not
Thy face : thou hast no way to work my scathe.
I tell thee this—the man thou hast sought so long
With threats and published quest of murderers 450
Of Laius, he, that selfsame man, is here,
In name an alien sojourner, but soon
Shall Theban-born be proved. He shall not joy
In his good hap. From sight to blindness passed,
To poverty from wealth, shall he fare forth,
To far lands groping with a staff his way.
He shall be proved with his own children housed
At once their brother, and their father ; son
And spouse to her that bare him ; of his sire
Co-husband both and murderer. Pass within, 460
And ponder this. If thou of lies convict me,
Henceforth in divination name me fool.

[Exit. Oedipus re-enters palace.]

CHORUS.

(Str. 1)

Who is this touching whom the prophetic breath
From the Rock is speaking.
He who wrought that unspeakable deed of death
With hands blood-reeking ?

Swifter need now be his wild foot's flight
 Than horses wherein is the storm-blast's might ;
For Zeus' son, armed with the lightning's fire, 470
Down on him is leaping,
And the dread Fates' pinions, that err not nor tire,
In his train come sweeping.

(Ant. 1)

Yea, the message from snowy Parnassus revealed
 Hath flashed forth its warning
 To make diligent search for the sinner concealed
 From men's hate and their scorning.
 By forest-cavern and rugged scaur
 Doth he stray, like a bull from the herd driven far :
 In his wayfaring joyless and lone doth he strive
 To thrust from him the dooming 480
 Of the Mid-shrine of Earth—it swoops round him,
 alive,
 With wings overglooming.

(Str. 2)

O fearfully yon wise bird-diviner is thrilling me now
 with dismay !
 I yield not assent, I refuse it not—I know not what to
 say.
 In a storm of foreboding all helplessly
 My soul's wings beat ; nor the present I see,
 Nor the things to be.
 If ever 'twixt Labdakus' line and Polybus' sons, in
 the days of old,
 Or in these, was planted the seed of feud, unto me
 was the thing ne'er told. 490
 Here warrant is none for surmising a stain
 On our lord's fair fame, be I never so fain
 To avenge the slain.

(Ant. 2)

Ah, Zeus and Apollo be all-discerning ; the thoughts
of men they descry :

But for mortal men—hath a prophet knowledge of hid
things more than I ?

Nay, but hereof sure proof is there none. 500

By his fellow in earthly lore alone

May a man be outdone.

Till I see the word made good, will I never consent
unto such as blame

My King ; for his wisdom was seen of all, when
against him the Winged Maid came : [510

That test he stood ; for Thebes did he win

Salvation : no thought mine heart within

Shall convict him of sin.

Enter Kreon.

KREON.

Burghers of Thebes, I have heard that Oedipus,
The King, lays hideous crimes unto my charge,
And come indignant. If he deems that he,
Amid this day's calamities, in word
Or deed hath suffered any scathe of me,
I have no joy in living any more
With ill report thus burdened. No light load
The penalty of this reproach shall be, 520
But passing heavy—to be called through Thebes
Caitiff, by thee called caitiff and my friends.

CHORUS.

Nay, this reproach came, wrung out haply more
By rage, than of set purpose of the mind.

OEDIPUS.

Keen-witted talker thou!—too dull am I
To learn of thee. I have proved thee pestilent foe.

KREON.

Even touching this hear now what I would say—

OEDIPUS.

Even touching this say not thou art not traitor!

KREON.

If thou deem'st wilfulness of any worth
Without discretion, warped thy judgment is. 550

OEDIPUS.

If thou deem'st that a kinsman traitor turned
Shall 'scape from justice, mad thy judgment is.

KREON.

I grant thee this: 'tis justly said. But tell—
What manner of hurt, say'st thou, hast had of me?

OEDIPUS.

Didst thou, or didst thou not, advise that I
Should send to fetch you pompous prophet forth?

KREON.

Now also in the same mind am I still.

OEDIPUS.

Prithee, how long time since did Laius—

KREON.

Work what deed?—for thy drift discern I not.

OEDIPUS.

Vanish from life through murderous handiwork ? 569

KREON.

In many long years measured were the time.

OEDIPUS.

Ay ? Plied this seer his craft prophetic then ?

KREON.

Yea, wise he was as now, nor honoured less.

OEDIPUS.

Ay ? Named he *my* name ever in those days ?

KREON.

Nay ; not in any wise where I stood by.

OEDIPUS.

Made ye no inquisition for the slain ?

KREON.

That did we—how not ?—Yet we nothing heard.

OEDIPUS.

And why did this wise seer not then declare it ?

KREON.

I cannot tell. I speak not where I know not.

OEDIPUS.

This know'st thou—and wilt say, so thou be wise—570

KREON.

This ?—what ? I will not, if I know, deny it.

OEDIPUS.

That, had he not conspired with thee, he had laid
Never the death of Laius to my door.

KREON.

If this he saith, thou know'st. But I make claim
To question thee as now thou questionest me.

OEDIPUS.

Make question. I shall not be murderer proved.

KREON.

How then? Hast thou my sister to thy wife?—

OEDIPUS.

This that thou askest may not be denied.

KREON.

And art co-ruler of this land with her?

OEDIPUS.

All her desire doth she obtain from me. 580

KREON.

Am I not, in like state, the third with you?

OEDIPUS.

Ay, and this same thing proves thee falsest friend!

KREON.

Not so, if thou, as I, hear reason's voice.
Consider this first—deem'st thou any man
Would choose a throne fear-haunted, more than sleep
Unscared, so he have still the selfsame power?
Nay, 'tis not in my nature more to yearn

For kingship, than to wield the power of kings ;
Nor no man would, who knoweth wisdom's way.
Now, unafraid have I all things of thee.
Were I king, oft my deeds would cross my will.
How then should lordship sweeter seem to me
Than power and sovereignty unvexed by care ?
Not yet am I so much delusion's fool
As crave aught else, when I have gain with hon
All hail me friend now, all salute me now :
Now, who would aught of thee, pay court to me
For all their hope's fulfilment lies in me.
How should I let this go, to grasp at that ?
Wisdom and treason cannot dwell together.
Never was I ambition's votary,
Nor would with fellow-sinners dare her deeds.
For proof hereof, to Pytho go : enquire
If of the God's word I made true report.
This too—if thou convict me of framing plots
With yonder portent-watcher, slay me not
By one, but two votes—thine and mine—condem
But on vague bare suspicion hold not guilty.
For 'tis alike unjust all causelessly
To count the evil good, and good men evil.
For casting off a leal friend I account
As spilling one's own life, which each loves best
But thou in time shalt know this surely, since
Time only doth reveal the righteous man,
But in one day the wicked shalt thou know.

CHORUS.

Well speaks he, as thinks one who fears to err
O King, for hasty judgment is unsure.

OEDIPUS.

When swiftly draws the stealthy plotter nigh,
too must needs be swift to counterplot.

But if I wait supinely, this man's end 620
 Shall be accomplished, mine foiled utterly.

KREON.

What is thy purpose then?—to banish me?

OEDIPUS.

ay, sooth, I will thy death, not banishing,
 That thou mayst show the world what envy means!

KREON.

Thou wilt not bend?—thou wilt not trust my word?

OEDIPUS.

Tend to thee!—trust thy word!—not I, in sooth!

KREON.

Thou lackest wisdom.

OEDIPUS.

Not in mine own cause.

KREON.

But mine too asks it.

OEDIPUS.

Thine!—thou art villain born!

KREON.

But if thou art blind to truth—

1. Jebb's arrangement of 624, 625 is adopted, the following lines being supplied conjecturally.

KREON.

to thrive I never, but may I accurst
perish, if aught I have done of all this charge !

IOKASTA.

h, in God's name, believe him, Oedipus !
respect thou chiefly this great oath by Heaven,
then me, and these that here beside thee stand.

(Str. 1.)

CHORUS.

ouchsafed of thy wisdom to hearken, O King, I pray.

OEDIPUS.

That wouldst thou then I should yield to thy plead-
ing, say. 650

CHORUS.

regard him : in folly ne'er yet was he found ;
how strong is his cause, being thus oath-bound.

OEDIPUS.

How'st thou what thou wouldst ask ? CH. I know.

OED. Say on.

CHORUS.

ne'er let the friend 'neath the Oath of the Curse who
hath passed,
a charge unproven condemned, to dishonour be cast.

OEDIPUS.

How know well, thou dost ask, in asking this,
mine own death, or my banishment from Thebes.

(Str. 2)

CHORUS.

Now nay, by the God who of all the Gods shines
 first,
 The Sun! May I die by a death of all deaths worst
 Forsaken of God and of friend, if I harbour such
 thought!

But, woe is me! my spirit is grief-distraught
 For the land's destruction, if she to her former bar-
Shall add new ills from you, O princes twain.

OEDIPUS.

Let him go then, though I must utterly die,
 Or be from this land thrust dishonoured forth!
 'Tis thine appeal for mercy melteth me,
 Not his: I'll loathe him, wheresoe'er he be.

KREON.

With an ill grace thou yieldest: heavy of cheer
 Shalt thou be, when thy rage is overblown.
 Such tempers plague themselves most, as is just.

OEDIPUS.

Rid me of thee! Begone!

KREON.

I will depart,
 By thee misunderstood, but not by these.

[E.]

i. Or, according to another interpretation,

"Even as thou
 Passest all bounds in vehemence of wrath."

(Ant. 1)

CHORUS.

Queen, draw thou thine husband home. Why
tarriest thou?

IOKASTA.

Nay, first would I learn what chance hath befallen
but now. 680

CHORUS.

To the lips did unproven suspicion leap :
Yet even the unjust charge stings deep.

IOKASTA.

From both arose this? CH. Yea. IO. And what
the charge?

CHORUS.

'Tis enough for me, 'tis enough, in the land's travail-
tide,
That where this wrangle brake off, even there it abide.

OEDIPUS.

Dost mark the outcome of thy loyal zeal?—
To slack mine heart's bow, dull its arrow-point!

(Ant. 2)

CHORUS.

O King, I have said it, have said it, not once alone ;
I were witless, yea, hope of wit from my mind were
flown,— 690

I were manifest fool, if I cast thee out of my breast,
Thee, who, when laboured my dear land storm-
distressed

'et him did alien robbers, rumour said,
 lay at the meeting of three chariot-ways.
 Out, ere three days from that babe's birth had passed,
 he had clamped its ankles each to each, and flung
 forth on the unfooted hills by others' hands.
 Here did Apollo nowise shape his doom 720
 To slay his sire, nor Læus' doom, to suffer
 the horror that he dreaded, of his son.
 Such things did oracles predestinate!
 Heek thou not of them: all that God doth need,
 For his own ends, he lightly shall reveal.

OEDIPUS.

O wife, what wilderment of mind hath seized me,
 Listening to thee, what tempest-surge of soul!

IOKASTA.

What trouble hath changed thy mood, that this thou
 sayest?

OEDIPUS.

Methought I heard thee say this—*Læus*
'as murdered where three chariot-highways met. 730

IOKASTA.

Yea, this was said, nor ceaseth to be said.

OEDIPUS.

Where is the place where this his doom befell?

IOKASTA.

Iokis the land is named: there part the ways,
 Leading to Delphi this, to Daulis that.

OEDIPUS.

And how long time hath fled since these thy

IOKASTA.

Some short time ere thou cam'st to take on thee
The land's sway, came these tidings unto The

OEDIPUS.

Zeus, how hast thou devised to deal with me

IOKASTA.

Oedipus, what lies heavy on thy soul?

OEDIPUS.

Ask me not yet; but Laius, tell of him—
His bodily presence tell, his age by seeming.

IOKASTA.

Tall; o'er his head the almond flower'd but of
His favour?—sooth, not all unlike to thine.

OEDIPUS.

Woe's me! meseems that into curses dread
I have but now unwitting thrust myself!

IOKASTA.

How sayest thou?—I fear, King, marking the

OEDIPUS.

Heart-sick I dread lest yon seer was not blun-
Tell one thing more, and I am certified.

IOKASTA.

Ah, but I fear!—yet, if I know, will tell.

OEDIPUS.

ask—with scant retinue journeyed he, or girt 750
with many a spear, as fits a chief of men ?

IOKASTA.

At five in all were they, a herald one.
The only car, whereon rode Laius.

OEDIPUS.

As ! 'tis too clear now ! Who was it, who,
At bare report hereof to you, O Queen ?

IOKASTA.

The house-thrall, who escaped alone to tell.

OEDIPUS.

! dwells he haply in the palace now ?

IOKASTA.

By verily. Since he came thence, and beheld
Him on the throne in place of Laius dead, [760
He touched mine hand with suppliant prayer that I
Should send him to our pasturing flocks,
Where farthest he might be from sight of Thebes.
I sent him then, being, far as thrall might be,
Worthy of even greater grace than this.

OEDIPUS.

Could he might come with speed to us again !

IOKASTA.

That well may be. But wherefore wouldst thou this ?

When I heard, from the Corinthian land—
The only guides thenceforth the pilot stars—
I, to some clime where I might never see
The shame of mine ill oracles fulfilled.
Journeying, to the selfsame place I came
Wherein thou sayest that this king was slain.
O, lady, will I tell thee all the truth. 800
Nigh that triple way I journeyed on,
When there a herald and a man that rode
On a horse-wain, even as thou sayest,
Came; and their forerunner from the path,
Like that old man, essayed by force to thrust me.
When I in wrath that chariot-footman smote
Who jostled me. The elder marked the deed,
And, as I passed the car, he watched his time,
That on mine head dashed down the double goad.
The punishment exceeded the offence; 810
With the staff in mine hand swiftly struck
Of the car's midst backward was he hurled.
The whole band I slew. If that man's blood
Be any wise to Laius akin,
Is now is more unhappy than this man?
What man can be more God-aborred than I,
Whom citizen nor alien may receive
Within his roof, to whom no man may speak,
Whom from their doors must all thrust? Yea, 'twas
None,
But I, that laid these curses on myself! 820
And the dead man's wife I clasp with hand
That slew him, and pollute! Am I not vile?
Am I not all unclean? If I must be
Exiled, I may not, exiled, see my kin,
Nor set foot in my country; else I am doomed
To wed my mother, and to slay my father
By whom, who begat and fostered me.

Whoso should judge that from some cruel fiend
 This came on me, were not his judgment true?
 O ne'er, O ne'er, pure majesty of Gods,
 May I behold that day, but vanished go
 From sight of men, or ever I behold
 Such stain of misery lighting upon me!

CHORUS.

O King, hereat we quake: yet, ere thou hear
 Thoroughly from that eye-witness, lose not hope.

OEDIPUS.

Nay, but so much of hope remains to me,
 That I can bear but to await this herdman.

IOKASTA.

Yet why this eager looking for his coming?

OEDIPUS.

This will I teach thee:—if he tell the tale
 Even as thou, I have escaped the doom.

IOKASTA.

And what this word of words thou heard'st of me?

OEDIPUS.

He spake, so ran thy word, of *robbers*—not
 Of *one* that slew the king. If still his tale
 Hold to more men than one, I slew him not;
 For one and many cannot be the same.
 If of one wayfarer alone he tell,
 'Tis plain this deed bears down guilt's scale on me.

IOKASTA.

7, be thou sure, so published was the tale,
 1 the man cannot those his words unsay ;
 this the city heard, not I alone. 850
 , should he swerve aught from the tale first told,
 er, O King, shall he show Laius' death
 in prophecy concordant. Loxias
 etold that by my son he must be slain.
 yet that ill-starred one ne'er slew his sire,
 y, but himself had perished long before.
 n for no oracle's sake hereafter I
 I deign to turn mine eyes this way or that.

OEDIPUS.

I dost thou think. Yet send thou one to bring
 hind thou spakest of. Neglect not this. 860

IOKASTA.

In speed will I. Now let us to the halls ;
 nought that thou mislikest will I do. [Exeunt.

CHORUS.

(Str. I)

Fate bestow on me the meed
 Of utter-reverent purity,
 That wholly pure my thoughts may be,
 I wholly pure my every deed !
 ity's stablished statutes tread
 Empyrean heights : their birth thrilled through
 The skies up to the stainless blue :
 Our Father is the Heaven far-spread.

No mortal parentage was theirs ;
They shall not know oblivion's night ;
In them abides the Highest's might
Whose deathless strength no time outwear.

Proud man's presumption hath for child
The usurper-spirit : though it win
Its heart's desire in wage of sin, --
Gain profitless and guilt-defiled ! --

Yea, though the ramparts it have won
Of its ambition's citadel,
Thence down shall it be hurled to hell
Whence foothold for escape is none.

But that ambition whose high aim
Is for the glory of our land,
Never may this by God be banned !
God for our champion aye we claim.

But O, if any man, in word
Or deed, the reckless paths shall tread
Of Arrogance, by no haunting dread
Of righteous retribution stirred,

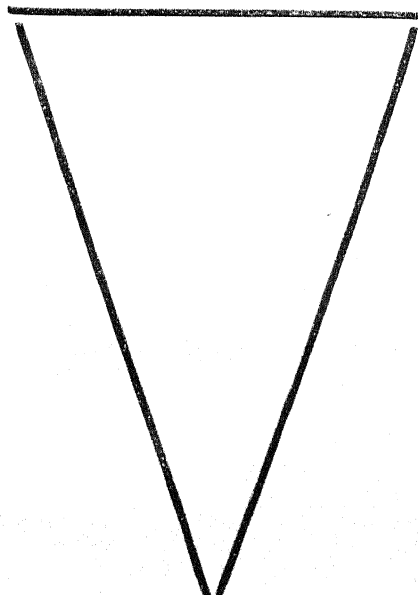
Revering not the Presence shrined
Within the Holy Place—for all
That pride which goeth before a fall
An ill doom may that sinner find !

If place and power that man will seize
Unrighteously, nor shrink away
From deeds irreverent, but lay
The fool's rash hand on sanctities,

GEE WHIZ

A BOOK OF HUMOUR

BY
GRANTLAND WEYMOUTH.



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Gee Whiz Introduces Itself

Now that the Buck Privates from U. S. A. are here in great numbers to swell the ranks of the Tommies, we feel that "GEE WHIZ" should fill a long felt want for humour and entertainment. The puzzles have been evolved to give the necessary mental exercise against that boredom so often the lot of the soldier.

We trust that this first edition of "GEE WHIZ" will be the forerunner of many more, and if not better, at least, equally good.

It is now up to you, dear reader, to let us know what you think of our efforts, and from these letters we will endeavour to get future editions as near to your liking as is humanly possible.

Grantland Weymouth.



*"You realise, Major Hargreaves, this place
puts me in an awkward position."*



'My God! I remember now. I married him morning.'

Ever since the world began, man has been trying to devise some sort of system which will enable him to make money without working for it. He's also tried to perfect a perpetual motion machine and had about the same luck with both. Every once in a while some cuckoo bird will shout from the roof tops that he's got it, but when you come to examine it it's the same old bolony.

So it is with systems designed to "beat the races." Some wise old owl once said, "You can beat a race but you can't beat the races!" What he should have said is, "and you can't beat that into a hoss player's head!"

"Experts" will tell you without batting an eye that systems are based on the law of averages, and there's no sound, when they know darned well that they are based on gullibility.

GET IT OUT OF

A drowning man will clutch at any straw and that's why systems survive. A man that's "been to the races" will try anything to get even and he doesn't have to work very hard because the wise boys are waiting for him at all four corners with guaranteed systems that "surely" can't lose over a period of time."

That "over a period of time" is the gimmick which keeps the sucker on the hook when the system hits a lull. It's the sucker's sedative which relieves pain and keeps his faith alive in the "doctor."

In this land of opportunity there are some million suckers "playing the ponies" every day, and

bly eighty per cent of them are resting their hopes and bank accounts on systems. These range from the quarter you hand "Mississippi" for his "daily tip" when you enter the race track to the \$100 you pay for a superle luxe "Weekly Special" released "for big bettors only." And if you think the suckers don't fall for that "big bettors only" stuff you're crazy. All Americans are brought up to think that the more you pay for a thing the better it is.

There are some two hundred different systems in common use today. They are based on everything from the colour of the horse's eyes to the length of his tail, and they're all bolony. Some are based on speed, some on weight, beaten lengths, form, consistency, stand-outs, horses for courses, jockeys, post positions, stables, prices, rainers, blood lines, astrology, numerology and euphony!

FOUR SYSTEM

The last three named are the tops in suckerdom. Take the Astrology system for example. Here they claim to have looked up all the birthdates of all the jockeys and horses in existence and the idea is to play "the combination," that is, the jockey and the horse, when the stars say that both are "right"! I actually know a man who followed this system and claimed that he was ten thousand dollars ahead of the game. That was six months ago. Heaven only knows how he's doing now!

There are several different numerology systems in use. These, of course, are all based on certain numbers that influence *your* life, and they make no pretence of knowing anything about horse flesh.

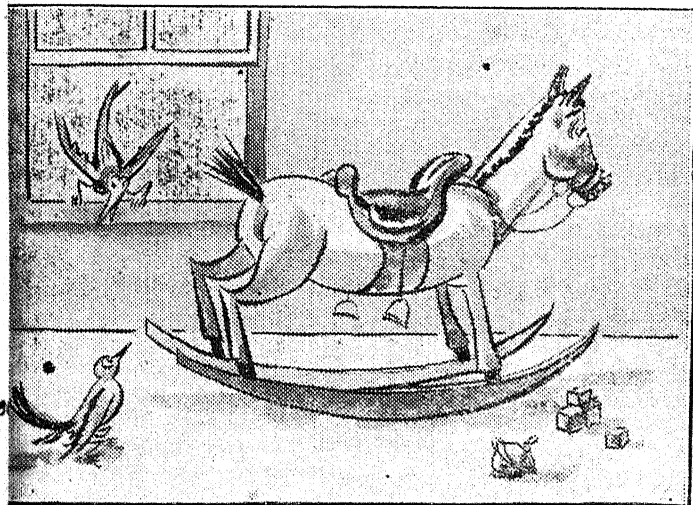


"All I know about horses is what I've picked up."

(Incidentally, there are some ten thousand "dream books" and "number charts" sold every week to people who try to guess the "policy number!")

A presumably intelligent acquaintance of mine uses a system all his own. It's very simple and the beauty of it (and a saving grace!) is that he cannot play the first race. As soon as that is over he starts in. Say 5, 6 and 8 come in first, second and third. My friend immediately adds the numbers thereby getting a total of 19. Then for no reason at all he subtracts the 1 from the 9 which gives him 8, so in the next race he plays the number 8 horse! Believe it or not, for a few days he "cleaned up" with this fool system, but after that the numbers double-crossed him and he turned to some other system.

The system based on euphony is in reality not a system at all but a combination of names which, for some reason, holds a strange fascination for all horse players. Any bookmaker will tell you that ninety per cent of all the "parlays" they take in are euphonic ones. My Purchase and My Blonde, for instance. Flag Star and Flagstone.



"Come on. You're just wasting your time."

Why a better thinks that euphony is any selecting winners is beyond me, but then why a he is beyond me, too !

The majority of "racing systems" is based on "up." The big idea with the doubling system is to bet two dollars on a horse and, if the horse loses, four dollars on the next one, eight on the next and doubling as you go. The brilliant logic behind this you're bound to "hit a winner" sooner or later and you'll be even ! What the better doesn't seem to realize that he's apt to go days without "hitting one" and time (if he's still solvent !), he has reached the point he's betting ten thousand dollars on one horse ! Of this mustn't discourage him if the horse loses. All this is to wager twenty thousand on the next race !

I've had many a better look me straight in the eye and exclaim, "Say, do you know that if I took two dollars and parlayed it over six races, and won every one, I'd come over ten thousand dollars ! How nice !"

The only man I ever knew that really "cleared" with a system was a lightning calculator (this was before the days of the Mutuel machines) who was said to "close his books" just as the race started, but the guy would wait until the horses were far enough from the track so that he could figure pretty closely the odds then he'd slip in a bet of his own ! Today, that man has a beautiful home in Florida, a yacht, and plenty in the bank all from a system !

But *what* a system !



TRUE CONFESSIONS

A group of Minneapolis club women visited the locker room in one of the swankier golf clubs. One of the men was in negligee when the women arrived looking for their husbands. The man's back was turned.

"That's not my husband," said one woman.

"I certainly know he isn't mine," declared another.

"Why, he's not even a member of the club," said the third with a note of finality in her voice.



Somebody in this elevator has cold hands.

NONSENSE RHYMES

TO A GIRL

Blessing on thee, little dame,
Bare back lass with knees the same;
With thy turned down silken hose
And thy cheeks red like the rose,
With thy lips reddened more
With lipstick from the store—
From my heart I give thee joy,
For I'm darned glad I'm a boy!

MEASURING LOVE

One smile makes a flirtation.
One flirtation makes two acquainted.
Two acquaintances make one kiss.
One kiss makes several more.
Several kisses make one engagement.
One engagement makes two fools.
Two fools make one marriage.
One marriage makes children.

WOMAN'S FORGIVENESS

Your offence she may blot from her mind,
When a woman's forgiveness you crave,
Yet, though she forgives you, you'll find
She will never forget she forgave.

GEE WHIZ

SUCH IS LIFE

The boy who's never kissed a girl
Can hardly breast the social whirl,
For chivalry demands of him
He answer woman's slightest whim.

A woman's whim is ever this—
To snare a man's reluctant kiss,
And snaring it, to make him pant
For things that nice girls never grant.

SHELLFISH PERSONS

An oyster met an oyster
And they were oysters two.
Two oysters met two oysters
And they were oysters, too.
Four oysters met a pint of milk
And they were oysters stew.

ENCYCLOPEDIC LOVE

As And to Aus, and Aus to Bis ;
As Hus to Ita, and Ita to Kys ;
As Pay to Pol, and Pol to Ree ;
Ah, that is how you are to me !
As Bis to Cal, and Cal to Cha ;
As Edw to Eva, and Eva to Fra ;
As Ref to Sai, and Sai to Shu ;
That is, I hope, how I'm to you.



DORIS REPORTS

Why does a chicken cross the road when she could get much further by crossing her legs.

The editor knows a man who is so strong he can read *Esquire* with one hand.

"Do you know the jacknife dive?"

"Do I? I was there the last time they raided it."

Girls don't mind men following them with their eyes, so long as they also follow them with their legs.

When a girl has a fine figure all the boys are up against it.

The latest scandal.....The plumber's daughter forgot herself.

Love isn't so blind, even in the blackout.

* * * *

When a woman "stoops to conquer" it only
means she's reducing.

* * * *

A woman is a thing of Beauty and a Jaw
forever.

* * * *

Girdle protect the Working Girl.

There was a young man named Bill Lansom,
Who had a passion to look through a transom,
Treat the delight when he peeped through one
night,

And saw two pretty girls dancing,

They were Co-eds so fair,

And entirely bare,

Can you imagine a feat so entrancing ?

* * * *

There are lots of couples who don't pet in
cars—in fact the woods are full of them.

Philo Vance, DOORMAN.

I stood beside the veteran doorman of the University Club the other day and marvelled at the man's uncanny ability. Hundreds of men entered the portals of our exclusive club in mid-town Manhattan.

The doorman certainly could not have known them all, yet he unhesitatingly named each newcomer's Alma Mater to me as they passed in.

Baffled at last, I asked him the secret.

"Elementary, sir," he assured me. "Here, stand by for the next five men that come in, and I'll show you how it's done."

Up the steps came a middle-aged gentleman bearing a five-foot shelf.

"Harvard," triumphantly pronounced the doorman as I nodded.

Number two was a tall, thin youth, absently crooning a tune from a current Broadway girly show.

"Yale," declared my man. "It's the Rudy Vallee manner."

Slightly reeling, a short and undeniably lit young man presented himself at the door and tossed our local Philo a coin.

"Cornell! See the Canadian quarter?" Correct again.

"Do y'all reckon Ah'm too late for suppah?" Thus did number Four greet us.

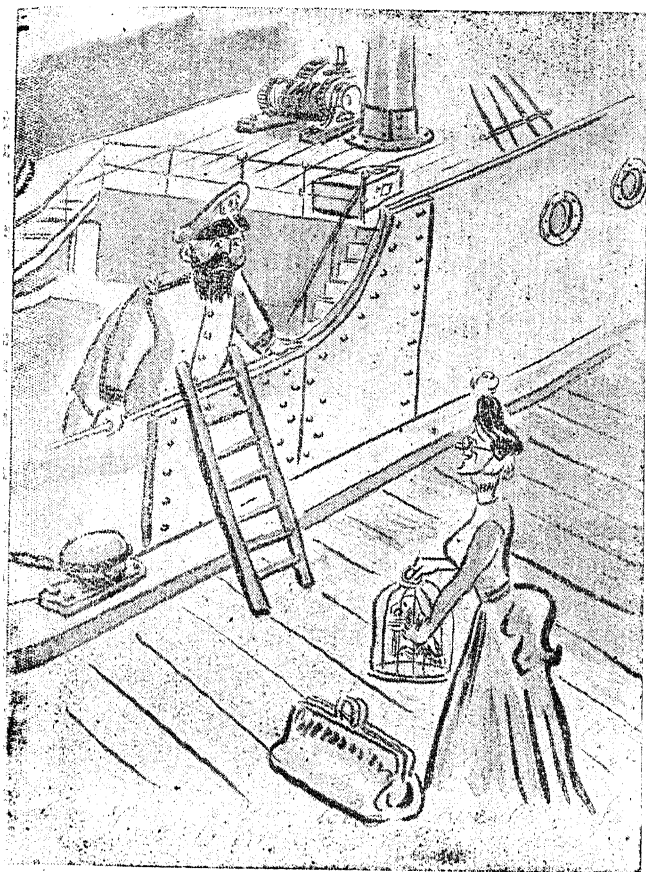
"Just in time, sir," answered the doorman. Turning to me he said, positively: "Princeton!" And I knew he was right.

Suddenly a newcomer bulked large in the doorway. A long peaked cap all but hid his face, his feet were braced sturdily apart and in both hands he held blue-barrelled automatics with which he swept the crowded lobby.

"Stick 'em up, youse guys!"

As we reached ceilingward the doorman turned to me with a sigh:

"Chicago!"



*"Are you the guy who advertised for a
xte to fill a berth?"*

wimmin—WIMMIN—WIMMIN—WIMMIN!!!

A woman is attracted by a man's vices, but she would divorce her husband for any one of them—that's so what's d—d unfair on a poor husband.

If he'd the same amount of vices, she would never have married him.

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A woman always bears all her old lovers in mind while a new one is making love to her—and she always hopes he will do it a little differently.

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When a woman says, "Now that's what I call a really nice man," she means he's a dear, old, rather rich, believe-nothing-in-the-world-against-you sort of thing. He's usually about twenty-five or fifty-five—he's never thirty-five or forty-five!

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Women don't complain about discomfort — they just don't allow it to occur!

What'll I do with my Horse ?"

Grade 'A' Confession by a Merry Milkman.

Everyone's heard that gag about the beautiful lady in a pink kimono leaning out of the window and asking the milkman, "Have you got the time?" and him answering, "Yeah, but what'll I do with my horse?" but, brother, it's not no joke!

I've been peddling milk now for four years and if all the ladies in pink kimonos who are sex-starved were laid out to end they'd reach from the Bronx to Battery Park!

As it happens the Bronx is where I peddle milk and the Bronx is lousy with S.S. women. I don't know whether it's because their husbands leave so early in the morning or whether they work so hard they fall asleep right after dinner or whether it's because they're born that way, but I do know that a milkman has to deliver more than milk!

I get to the milk depot at three in the morning. From three to four I sort my orders and from four to seven I deliver. Then I take an hour for breakfast, and from eight to eleven I collect bills.

The delivering ain't so bad. Except for the drunks. For some reason a milkman's horse and wagon always attracts a drunk. They either want to drive the wagon, or ride the horse (wearing my hat), or play "catch" with the bottles. Giving the horse and wagon I don't mind much but when they play "catch" with the bottles I'm usually the goat because we have to pay for all breakages "in transit."

I will say that most of the drunks I've met pay for their fun and breakage. I had one guy that decided what he needed was a milk bath in a nearby fountain, so he ties the whole wagon-ful in it and then takes off his clothes and dives in. It sobered him up too, and afterwards he slipped me a twenty-dollar bill which gave me a

profit of five bucks. Of course I had to go back to the depot and stock up again but it was worth it.

The worst souse I ever had on my hands was a guy who thought he was Paul Revere. He climbed on to my horse and galloped the poor nag around the block yelling, "The British are coming!" and by the time he got through there wasn't a whole bottle left! The cops finally caught him and threw him in the can but it cost me seven bucks.

Then there's the lady drunk who feeds Bromo lump sugar. (I call my horse Bromo because he burps so much!) The minute she sees Bromo she sends her escort down to the nearest dog wagon to buy up their supply of lump sugar, and when he gets back she feeds it to him (the horse) with baby talk. So many drunken dames have fed Bromo lump sugar that he's become diabetic!

Collecting bills is where you run into the S.S. Sirens. Morning Glories we call 'em and, boy, are they hot-house flowers. Their usual line is to argue about the bill, and while they're doing it cuddle up to you hoping to steam you up. Some of 'em are more subtle, and the seduction schemes they work out would put a Casanova to shame! Whether they succeed or not I'll leave to your imagination!

Before I list them, remember that I'm referring only to the good-looking dames. With the ugly ones we just slip the bill under the door and pray for good luck!

1. She invites you in while she goes to get change. She is dressed in a very flimsy negligee (which is *never* fastened securely, thus exposing plenty), and when she returns with a come-hither smile and the money she suddenly faints. As you pick her up in your arms, her eyes slowly flicker open, her arms tighten around your neck and then she kisses you!

(Note: this swooning business is used in various forms. Sometimes they say they feel faint and you have to lead them over to a bed or a couch; sometimes they get dizzy spells and



*"The lady up there told me to tell you I'd
mind your horse."*

you have to grab them to keep them from falling, and some times they just faint and fall back on a convenient couch at the same time allowing the negligee to fall open.)

2. When you ring the bell you hear a sweet, feminine voice call, "Come in!" You open the door and when you reach the middle of the living room she comes waltzing out of the bathroom without a stitch on her! Of course she's embarrassed to death as it seems she thought it was her maid, but in the meantime she's seen to it that you've gotten an eyeful to say nothing of an urge!

3. She invites you in and asks you to sit down, then she tells you a hard luck story about how her husband has left her these six months and she can't pay the bill and how starved she is for love. You've probably seen the husband leaving for work only a couple of hours before and on the table is an open purse bulging with bills, but after all, you can't call a lady and a valued customer a liar!

Mind you, I'm only a passable-looking guy. No one ever accused me of resembling Robert Taylor, and my brother milkmen look more like W. C. Fields than like Clark Gable, but there isn't a one that doesn't run into the same kind of dames. I'm not a guy to bite off my nose but if I owned a milk company I'd man my wagons with Eunuchs!

"Mother, why has papa so little hair?"

"Because he does so much thinking."

"But why have you so much?"

"Now, my dear—it's time for you to go to bed."

.

Orderly Officer: "This stew tastes awful. Did you salt it?"

New Cook: "Sure, but I never used that brand before. It was called Epsom Salts."

Came the Dawn.

The night was fairly young,
 The moon was rarely bright,
 Soft music filled the air,
 And thrilled us.
 Everything was right.

The lady's name was Dawn,
 Her eyes were soft and blue,
 I kissed her twice
 Or maybe thrice—
 What else was I to do ?

For one kiss really seemed
 To tease a man for more,
 'Twas such a thrill
 I stole my fill—
 Dawn knew what lips were
 for !

Too bad it couldn't last,
 But sweet things never
 can—

I wanted more
 The clock struck "Four !"
 And then came—Dawn's
 old man !!

Substitute.

I need to be loved
 Tonight.
 I need to be loved
 And right.
 I'm lonely and blue—
 Been thinkin' of you—
 Since you went away
 That night.

I want to be kissed
 By you.
 No one else kisses like
 You do.
 But you left me flat—
 As easy as that—
 When you knew all the
 time
 Was true.

But lightly you broke
 Your vow.
 And another man holds
 Me now.
 I'd rather 'twas you—
 But this boy will do—
 'Cause I need to be loved
 And how!



*She: "If you don't care for the bottled beer,
I'll show you what I have in the draught."*

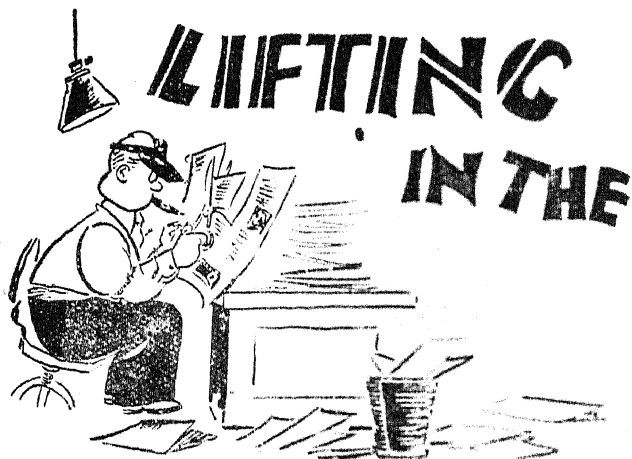
Men learn a lot of things at school they never use and
women use a lot of things they never learned at school.

You can't always tell
what kind of a
necker a fellow is
by
the number of
loving cups he's won.

A cross-eyed girl
may be
virtuous,
but
she doesn't look
straight.



He carried his bride across the threshold.



NO TWIN BEDS FOR THEM.

[From the Grandmore (Kans.) Press.]

Mrs. Oakman stated that ever since their marriage she and Mr. Oakman had kept a joint bunking account.

IT WOULD!

(From the Carling, Nev., Tribune.)

Mrs. Alice Simmons, the newly-elected Women's Club president, then rapped her navel and the meeting came to order.

NO COSTLY FUMBLES, NOW.

(From Rose Creek, Ill., Press.)

Dave Talley christened his new Ford Wednesday, driving into the town's latest exhibition. He was accompanied by Jane Newcome, also Tom Barnelle and Nellie Craig who occupied the fumble seat.

WELL, WELL, WELL!

[From the Newton (Ala.) Journal.]

Miss Josie Joelmar and Bill Jessup were married at Loxie some weeks ago. They are both highly respected and we did not suspect it until yesterday.



WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET.

(From the Newman, Ia., News).

Mrs. Nellie Oban, wife of Ed Oban, is visiting in Detroit. Mrs. Grace Tillsley is substituting for her.

WHY GALS LEAVE HOME.

(From the Payson, Me., Star).

Miss Bork was winking for the third time when John Trogan grabbed her round the neck and dragged her up the bank.

SO IT WOULD SEEM.

(From the Hartman, Mo., Press).

Charles Bain, 36, married three young women, 18, 20, and 22 years of age respectively, all within five days before local police caught up with him. He is believed to be dimple-minded.

AND ANOTHER EDITOR BITES THE DUST.

(From the Mayfair, N. J., Gazette).

Ed Wills was quite a hero last week when he saved little Annie Wilson from a mad dog. Eddie is the type who would gladly lay down his wife for another.

THE GREATER LURE

She was a bright little girl.



The boy had taken her into the detour country. The engine of his car coughed once, twice, choked, then died the natural death of a good engine on poor roads. The boy cleared his throat. The girl knew the omen and waited passively, albeit with just a trifle of a smile on her lips.

The boy ventured an arm about her waist. The girl did not resent his move either by word or act. However, she was still smiling—slightly, of course, ever so slightly.

The boy sought her lips, and again let his hand meander about her slim body.

The first time the girl let him kiss her, remaining passive, but before he could find her lips the second time she volunteered a bit of information that startled him so that he started the engine and abruptly swung the car about toward town.

The journey led back to her home, which was quite deserted, then down into the cellar where there were many dusty old bottles..... But—

She was a bright little girl for all that!

The Tale Of A Shirt.

[After spending eight weeks in a hospital a W.A.C.I. patient voiced the following complaint against the nightie she was compelled to wear.—The Editor)

Here's to the jacket you put on every morn,
It makes you feel like a sheep that's been shorn,
'Tis a brief little garment, fits tight round the neck,
It has long sleeves, but that's all, "By Heck."

They are quite all the style for hospital wear,
But you can't even sneeze or you're perfectly bare.
You just can't complain, though you know you're a sight,
They might take it off and then what a plight.

Here comes the doctor and here comes the nurse,
Don't try to adjust it, you'll just make it worse,
You can't pull it down, not even with tweezers,
So here's the right name, just plain, "Fanny Freezers."

No matter where I go, in what country or clime,
I see that jacket all of the time.
It haunts me to know this thing I did wear,
With all my extremities perfectly bare.

I'm not a poet and I can't orate,
But I wore that jacket early and late,
So take my advice: don't get yourself hurt,
Or you'll spend day and night in a hospital shirt.



*"I'm going to marry your daughter ! What
the hell are you going to do about it !*

Ask the Sergeant

If you want a piece of rag,
Maybe matches—or a fag;
Don't go snooping round the camp,
Ask the Sergeant.

If you want to know the date,
How to get in when you're late;
Don't ask the Colonel or your mate,
Ask the Sergeant.

If the nurse says, "Yes, it's twins,"
And the wife, "I'd hoped for quins;"
Who's the man that slyly grins?
Why, the Sergeant.

If G.H.Q. desires to know
What we've made of so-and-so;
Do they ask the ba'bu? No!
They ask the Sergeant.

If there's trouble on the line
And the fault's not yours or mine;
Who gets the bird each time?
Ask the Sergeant.



ENVOI



So if you're pinched for speeding
With traffic lights at red;
And the Judge sums up and says
That you must hang until you're dead:
Just say: "Oh, let me off, Sir,
And my revs ne'er shall be rampant;
But if you must hang someone,
Please—hang our blinkin' Sergeant."

I'D HATE TO HURT HIM

**The female of the species
is more deadly than the male—
sometimes.**

The blonde girl in the gold-coloured knit dress put her lip-stick away quickly as a young man rounded the corner by her house, and arranged her legs prettily and wet her lips a little as he turned up her walk.

"Hello, Tom." Her faint smile suggested a trace of wanness. He came up the porch steps looking at her, taking off his hat. He was tall and brown-haired with grave eyes that didn't seem quite friendly.

"It isn't too chilly out here, is it?" making her tensing hands languid. "We can stay out a little while anyway, don't you think, till it gets really dark? Well, sit down."

He held his hat on his knees. His voice was constrained. "I can't stay."

She took his hat from him. "Well, you're not going to dash off *right* away." She got her fluttering under control and became apathetic. "What did your mother say when I asked for you instead of Bob?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

"I bet she did too! Was Bob there?"

He didn't answer immediately. "Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Not a damned thing."

"Well, what did he do?"

He answered deliberately, "Went on reading."

After a moment that seemed to stand still the girl forced a short laugh that had an ugly note. "Well, that's fine. I'm glad he didn't mind. I mean, didn't take it wrong. Because I'd hate to hurt him or have him think I was starting chasing after you now. I mean I don't chase

er men, naturally, but that's what Bob was always accusing me of, as you no doubt know, being his favourite brother. I simply wasn't able to bear it any more, being distrusted. That's why I broke the engagement last night."

The young man looked at her.

She said, laughing again: "You didn't think *he* broke did you? Did he tell you that? If he did, he certainly is a big liar for his pride's sake! You should have seen me weeping over my mere going along for liquor with that man that's visiting Kay Hayden and our being gone long because he had two flat tyres. Honestly, Bob just broke down and sobbed like a kid! Him break the engagement—hmph."

The young man inquired wearily, "What did you get over here for, Betty?"

She let her pretty face pucker faintly. "Don't you be cold and heartless with me, please, Tom. I thought you'd understand. Don't you suppose I'm suffering too? That's what I wanted you to—to reassure me about: is Bob—is he right, or is the poor kid taking it as hard as I am?"

Tom gazed at her without any expression, but she looked away to fish for a handkerchief. She repeated in a small voice that was eager and cruel, "Is he taking it hard, Tom?"

"I wouldn't say so," Tom said with his lips stiff.

"He *isn't*!" She changed that tone quickly. "I mean—it's what I hoped, of course, that he'd be sensible about it. I'd hate to think I'd hurt him terribly. I'm glad he's sensible." But her voice still had the ugly note. She said, "I'm not *really* expiring of a broken heart myself. I didn't want you to think I was utterly callous. The thing is I realized last night Bob isn't worth grieving over. It's so—shallow. He hasn't any real capacity for deep feeling—don't you think?"

Tom stood up. "Do you mind if I scam along, Betty?"

She clutched at his sleeve. "Oh, Tom, please don't go. Please stay a little while, can't you? That wasn't true, what I just said, that I'm not suffering over Bol I am, horribly, and it—it gives me a sort of comfort to have his brother with me. Can't you understand that? You always did seem so sort of sweet and understanding Tom—"

He stood against the porch rail, probing her with hard eyes. "What the hell are you trying to pull?"

"Nothing! Only—when I'm alone I keep brooding so and—and worrying about whether I've hurt him awfully. I know you're fooling me so I won't feel worse—he's having a bad time, I bet, isn't he? Did you see him last night when he came in? Did he tell you about it then?"

Tom muttered, putting on his hat, "I was asleep."

"Yes, but he woke you up! I know, how he does! I know how you two are—how he confides in you. He went in and woke you to tell you the night we got engaged, and he's done it when we had other fights before this one. You can't kid me—I bet he sat on your bed for an hour telling you about us and bawling some more—you know, saying 'damn it,' the way he does and blowing his nose. Didn't he? Didn't he?"

It was dark now and she couldn't see Tom's face. She slipped nearer to him. "Tell me, Tom. I don't want to just gloat, you know that. As a matter of fact, it'll make me feel twice as terrible to know he's taking it like that. What good would it do me to know he's taking it hard?"

Tom's lips squeezed out, "Don't worry, he's not."

She snorted, "I don't believe you."

He started down the steps without answering, but she flung her hands about his neck, trying to get them clasped. "Oh, please, don't go, Tom. Really, I feel so alone and

“miserable, and you were anxious enough to—to be sympathetic before Bob got interested in me—”

“Shut up—” he yanked her arms—“your folks’ll hear you—”

“They’re not home! The servants are out too! That’s what I say, I’m so alone—honestly, I just want somebody stay with me—I mean somebody to keep me company. I won’t go crazy brooding over Bob. You think I’m going to make a pass at you just to get even with him or something! I told you I wouldn’t want to hurt him worse than the world. Tom, please, Tom, why do you have to go?”

“Got to see a man about a bitch,” Tom said.



“The gang always said she was a practical joker.”



She was throwing herself away, perhaps, but she was taking careful aim.—*William McFee.*

Eyelashes that could sweep the cobwebs from any man's heart.—*Mabel Bandy.*

When money talks she doesn't miss a word.—*Walter Winchell.*

"That's a nice dress you almost have on."—*Graeme and Sarah Lorimer.*

One of those women who go through life demanding to see the manager.—*G. Patrick.*

She can dial him like a radio.—*Charles J. Watson.*

She's a one-way person. Her way.—*Louise Gooch.*

She returned his glances unopened.—*Ralph Osborn.*

One of those large-chested women who always seem closer to you than you are to them.—*L.A.B. Hutton.*

I was worried about the woman in the strapless evening gown; I kept wondering if her gown would get up to go when she did.—*Bob Burns.*

GEE WHIZ



*"Can ye no wait. I have to return this boc
to the library in the morning."*

DECEIVERS EVER!

All men are liars and deceivers. Especially college men.

Such was the *credo*, oft expressed, of the smart circles in which Barbara Wentworth moved.

Barbara felt like screaming, every time she heard it. Maybe that trite statement was true of most men. But Barbara's man was different.

Vastly different.

She was certain of it.

He was her man. Hers alone. Her Phil.

No woman had a man so loyal. Good old Phil Wentworth. A hard-working, efficient young banker downtown by day. And a devoted husband, home-loving and true, by night.

Though they had been married more than a year now, he was the same gallant, considerate, thoughtful Phil. The same boyish, lovable Phil he'd been at State U. where, as a senior majoring in Business Administration and soph. specializing in social settlement work, they had first met.

Phil never forgot an anniversary. He even created them. He was forever bringing her flowers. Or candy. On the least excuse.

"Now what, Phil?"

"Don't you remember, Barbs? For shame! Just two years ago to-day, it was. That I first met you. Lucky me! Remember—the Glee Club 'Trom?"

After a thoughtful pause: "So it was! You dear man!"

Or:

A grinning messenger boy. With a box of Fleischman's. Long stemmed roses. Her favorite flower. There'd be a card. *His* card.

Hi, partner!

For Auld Lang Syne—and in fond remembrance of the time you saved my life. Remember Cedar Lake, 18 months ago this day to the date? Or was it yesterday only? Time flies so, with you!

Phil.

Barbara had chuckled, again, at that.

They'd been canoeing. There'd been a bit of a laughing, playful scuffle. The frail craft had overturned. Phil had made as though to help her ashore. She'd laughed him away in fine scorn. Aid her, indeed! She, the crack swimmer on the co-ed water polo squad!

Once safely ashore, and drying their soaked clothing in the deserted Psi Upsilon lodge on the beach, he'd called over the partition:

"Love me, Barbs?"

"Uh huh!"

He had said: "Darling! It's you who are the life-saver!"

Maybe that had been what he had meant. By the flowers, *this* time.

Again:

He'd brought home tickets to the Follies.

"Get your Sunday glad rags on, Barbs. We're stepping out! Show-supper at Sardi's—champagne cocktails—home with the well known lark!"

"Funny man! Dear man! And what is the big occasion, now?"

Phil had said: "Queer! This is one date I can't think of a thing. Honest! So that's an event, in itself, Barbs. An anniversary in memory of all forgotten anniversaries, with you."

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Barbara sat happily expectant in the Park Avenue pent-house apartment now.

It was almost five o'clock. Phil would be arriving soon.

And she had news for him. Good news. Such good news!

That afternoon, she'd been shopping. On the avenues—Fifth and Madison. In a tiny millinery hole-in-the-wall on the latter street she'd met a girl.

You know how it is, trying on hats. They'd got talking, between hats. The girl had been amusing. A show girl obviously. Tall, blonde. A stunning figure. Professionally made up and turned out.

Yes, the girl had been amusing to Barbara. Amusing and time-killing. But then, before she had left, the girl had changed all that. She had forever endeared herself to Mrs. Wentworth.

The talk had somehow gotten around to men. As it will, as long as women are women.

The show girl had said: "Maybe I'm crazy. But I've got me a man—and what a man! He keeps me—yes. So what? I'm not ashamed to admit it. I'm better off than some of your domesticated, two-timed wives. And I know he's mine, all mine. He kids his wife along. But he's all mine, my man is!"

Barbara was so glad. She glowed. "It's good to hear you say that. Of course, he shouldn't deceive his wife, do you think? But then, perhaps it was—well, shall we say a 'marriage of convenience?' An affair arranged by their families."

"It was a kid thing. Puppy love." The girl's tone was frankly contemptuous.

"Just the same, my dear, he's yours, eh? Really, heart and soul yours? And he's true to you?"

Barbara had never felt so elated before.

* * * *

She told Phil, at dinner over the cigarettes.

"So you see, dear man, you're not the *only* perfect male! Even if she is a kept woman, that girl has something. Something I own, too—a devoted, one-woman man!"

Phil had smiled indulgently.

The next afternoon he taxied up to the West End Avenue thoughtfully.

New York wasn't so big after all.

Anything could happen in that crazy town.

Suppose they had exchanged names of their perfect lovers?

He'd have to move Alice to a suburb. A far suburb.

THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

Famous actress Mrs. Pat Campbell was deeply attached to a small dog which behaved most unpleasantly as it grew older, becoming such a nuisance that she was persuaded to leave it with a "vet." for some weeks in the hope that he might be able to cure it of its bad habits.

At last she called on him to inquire if there was any improvement. The vet. shook his head sadly and said: "I'm afraid there's nothing left for it but the lethal chamber."

"But if I buy him one," Mrs. Pat retorted, "do you think he'll use it?" —*My Best Riches*, by Horace Collins.

Wimmin again !

Men live for posterity—women want it in their lifetime !

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A woman will kiss you, and at the same time tell you "what a *dear* her husband is ! "

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It is all nonsense to say a man cannot understand a woman : the thing is, that once a man *has* understood a woman, he really "can't understand" her at all !

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" Out of sight, out of mind"—and that's why husbands *do* "go out of their minds ! "

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A man always wonders what his wife is going to do next—a wife always wonders what her husband has just been doing.

The Reformed Drinker.

Water is a Wonderful Thing

But it drowns lots of people!

Outside of a Chronic Grouch suffering simultaneously from Seven-Year Itch, Dyspepsia and Dysentery, there's nothing worse than a reformed drinker!

Once a happy-go-lucky bon vivant, he changes overnight into a sourpussed individual who goes skulking about in dark corners and looks out at a mad world whirling dizzily to destruction. Once an all round good fellow, brimming over with optimism, he turns like magic into a confirmed pessimist who views with alarm everything in creation, from Hitler to the morals of our younger generation.

Not only does his personality undergo a metamorphosis; even his physical appearance is transformed into something that looks as if it had been dragged up out of the sea; his face becomes a bluish green in colour, the lips thin out into a lugubrious slit and his forehead is screwed up until it's like a muddy road after a day of heavy traffic.

He will pass a table surrounded by innocent imbibers with the shocked air of one who has just witnessed nothing less than a pogrom, and should anyone have the temerity to invite him to join the merry group he bows his head sorrowfully and hurries away like a man who has just seen his friend murdered.

With his closer acquaintances he is more tolerant, in fact, he feels it his bounden duty to warn them, ere it is too late, just what terrible fate is in store if they do not stop pouring "that vile stuff" into their insides.

He will gaze dourly at the high-ball in your hand with the mien of a funeral director and shaking his head say, "Do you realize, my boy, what liquor does to you? Do you realize what alcohol in any form does to the lining of your stomach? Do you realize that continued use of it will warp the judgment of the best men, blunt their senses, destroy entirely their perception, soften the brain itself and will in the end lead to naught but poverty, disgrace and a home for the friendless!"



*"Hello, Mrs. Brown, we're sending your
Bill out now!"*

He will then sit down beside you and go into the gory details. "Think of your future, man! Think of your wife and kiddies! Look around you and see for yourself what the Demon rum has done to some of our leading citizens! My God, Bill, stop before it's too late! Stop before the gutter gets you!"

"Go ahead and laugh!" he will cry if you flippantly remark that you've "gutter have another drink."

"Go ahead and laugh! But don't say that I didn't warn you!"

With that he'll rise slowly eyeing you the while in his best deaths bed-side manner and as a parting shot he'll say, "Give it up, Bill! Before it ruins your life!"

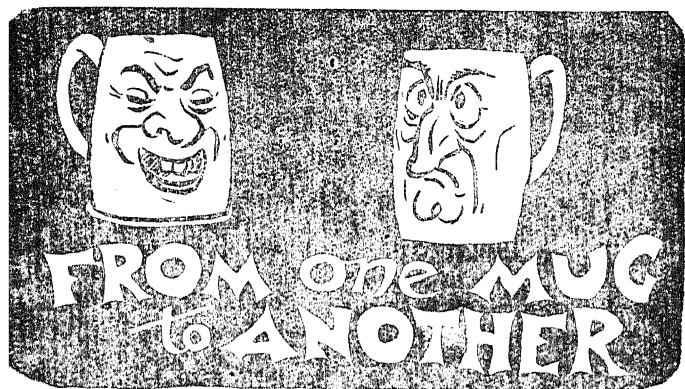
After the third or fourth day of this he has practically ruined your life, not liquor. He has also ruined the lives of countless other members of the club to which he belongs. The minute he approaches, strong men flinch and hide their drinks under the table, erstwhile happy incubates sober up at the sight of him and bartenders quail before his sorrowful gaze.

At home he is a terrible gargoyle of gloom. The children run screaming into closets when they hear the front door open, his wife's smile fades into a mask of resignation and even the maid trembles so that she can hardly wait on table.

At his office his associates evade him as if he were the Black Plague, stenographers whom he had formerly called "Toots," shiver at his grim visage and when he perforce lunches alone on milk and glucose the waiters watch to see who has to serve him.

This sacerdotal state of salvation usually lasts for a week and sometimes, in extreme cases, ten days. During the latter part of this pontifical period the sackcloth and ashes become a trifle burdensome, the reformer tires a bit of his reformation and decides that, after all, moderation is far more intelligent than total abstinence. So he takes "just one drink."

From that point on it's only a matter of minutes before he's "Back at the old stand" and his old self again and everybody's happy!



"It sure pays to look well," smirked the old maid when
 she discovered the handsome burglar under the davenport.

* * * *

Love is like insurance; only in the former it's hard
 to hit upon a policy that will cover accidents.

* * * *

Many a gal has suffered from cold feet after
 taking off her sox at a strip poker game.

* * * *

Once upon a time there was a guy who had
 so much nerve that when his car stalled
 halfway up a hill he made his girl get out
 and push.

* * * *

The first night of Pat's honeymoon he
 put the watch Murphy gave him for a
 wedding present under the pillow and
 the spring broke.

* * * *

The only time you'll see a blush-
 ing bride nowadays is when the
 groom doesn't show up.

going out with them, almost every night, any where, coming home anytime, for five years She's just twenty.

One night Phoebe was picked up—she doesn't need to let that happen often any more, knowing almost everybody—in Herman's Drug Store by Berton Ambrose, boxing captain and a truly phenomenal football guard. Berton's folks are notably quality and have a lot of money ; he is amiable and almost stupid.

Berton, being dumb and subject to fits of romantic recklessness (within limits that might have made him a great boxer), said suddenly, "I want to marry you."

Phoebe, sitting close to him in the broken swing of her front porch, mysterious under the fragrant moonlight flick-flack through the wistaria vines, drew back and away.

"You didn't have to say that," she told him. "You don't have to joke about a thing like that."

She doesn't know to this day that he wasn't joking.



PHYLLIS

Phyllis is the nicest girl in town. Nice-
ess, really, is her profession. When she was
little girl her parents told her how predatory
and evil college boys were, and she had always
remembered the warning. She likes nothing
better than the opportunity of telling an im-
fortunate lad where to get off.

"Why do you ask me out? Everybody
nows I'm a decent girl! Why don't you get
one of your little chippies? Lord knows,
there are plenty of them in this town."

But this spring Phyllis has had a misfor-
tune. She met Lionel Schultz, the local
resident of the Mission to Heathen Lands,

1857
O-18
Gull

THE PENNINGTON PL

and because he was so fine and clean and honourable in his behaviour toward her, she fell in love with him. About three months ago Mr. Schultz left school quite suddenly, to take a job with a missionary society in China.

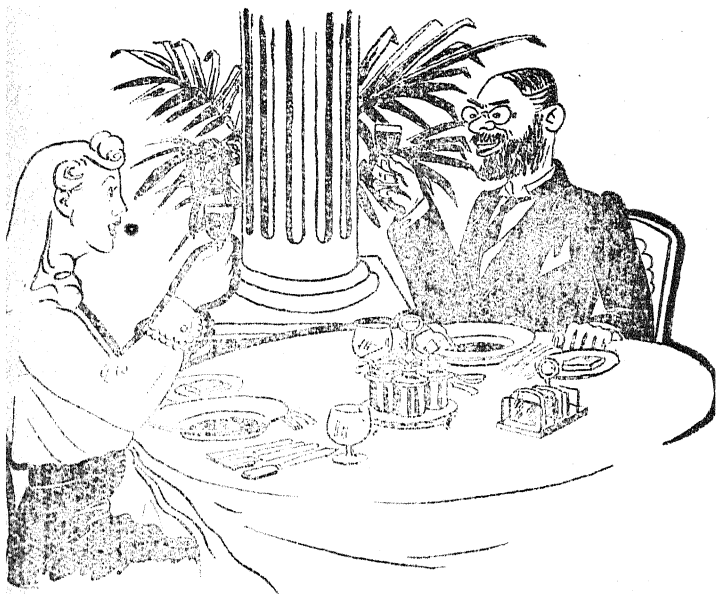
After that, to show she didn't care, Phyllis went out more often.

The other day when her father, one of the assistant coaches, demanded of her in a white rage: "Who did this to you? Was it that skunk Schultz?" Phyllis looked at the floor and shook her head. "Oh, that's the awful part! I don't *know* who it is!"



"Are there many deserting husbands?"

"Yes, several girls I know!"



Schinebaum, I wish you had a wedding anniversary every day."



My cousin has medals like these he got for running."

Britain Talks With The Home Guard

SCOTS WHA HAE!

In the dark days that followed the fall of Singapore, two Scots Home Guards in the remote Scottish Highlands were discussing the war situation.

"Things are looking verra bad indeed," said Dougal. "First Belgium, then France; after that Singapore and now Java."

"Aye," said Donald. "They're dropping out one by one."

There was a long and ruminative silence before either spoke again. Then Dougal sighed and said, "'T will be a long and weary struggle for us if yon English surrender."

Jump to it.

The best Sergeant-Majors are usually middle-aged, it is stated. The roaring forties.

SAFETY FIRST.

A Home Guard found an unexploded anti-aircraft shell in his garden, picked it up and jumped on a bus to take it to the nearest police station.

"What's that you've got on your lap?" asked the conductor.

"It's an unexploded shell. I'm taking it to the police station."

"Blimey, man, don't carry it on your lap. For God's sake, put it under the seat."

Mistaken Identity.

"Home Guard (defending force): "Bang! Bang! You're dead."

"Soldier (Attacking force): "Chug! Chug! I'm a tank."

* * * *

A somewhat pompous General, in a great hurry, was being driven through a remote village patrolled by the Home Guard. Challenged by a H. G. sentry, the chauffeur turned to the General and asked what he should do.

"Drive on," said the General.

Almost immediately a shot penetrated the windscreen.

"What shall I do now?" asked the chauffeur.

"Drive on," said the General with determination.

This time a shot penetrated the car and wounded the General in the leg, to the consternation of the chauffeur, who pulled up in terror.

Poking his head through the window and coolly viewing the bleeding and "blinding" officer, the H. G. remarked:

"It's a d—d good job you stopped; I wouldn't have fired at the air a third time."



Angry Golfer. "You must take your children away from here, Madam. This is no place for them."

Mother: "Don't you worry! They can't hear nothing now. Their father's a Sergeant-major in the Home Guard."

* * * *

A Scotsman and an Irishman in the Home Guard tied in a Shooting Competition. The first prize was a Silver Cup, the second prize £5, and both wanted the money. After each had first ten shots, the Irishman turned to Sandy and, with beaming face, said: "That's done you. I've put all my shots into the blank."

"I thought you would," chortled the Scotsman, "so I put all mine on your target."

* * * *

Sergeant: "Are you one of them spiritualist mediums?"

Recruit: "No, Sergeant."

Sergeant: "Then why the 'ell do you fall into a trance every time I give an order?"

* * * *

H. G. Sentry: "Halt; who goes there?"

No answer.

H. G. Sentry: "Halt; who goes there?"

Friend or Foe?"

Squeaky voice from the Darkness.

I'm not going to say "friend" after what you said to me last night.

SHE'S WISER NOW.

I shall never go out with Tom again, never in my life. He'll not get another chance to lead me off the straight and narrow path. I'm through with him for good.

Acquaintances had hinted broadly that Tom was possessed of rakish tendencies. I had learned from various sources that he was supposed to be one of the fastest boys in town. Of course, I believed that these rumours were to a certain extent, true. But in spite of this, I accepted his invitation to go out riding.

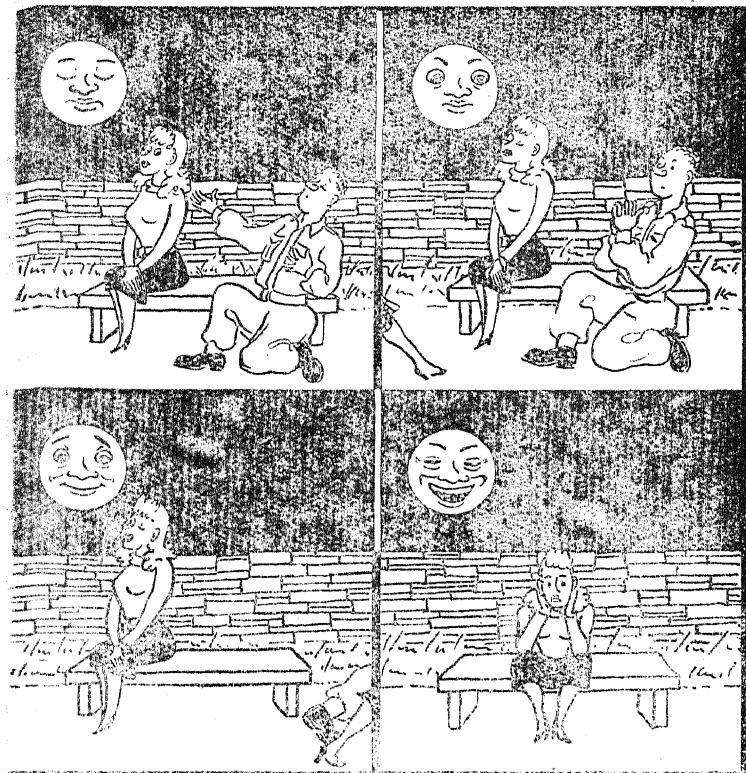
"He is such a handsome man that it would be a shame not to take advantage of the opportunity," was my mental decision.

We were driving along on a shady road when of a sudden Tom deliberately stopped his car. I looked out of the window. Not another person could be seen; the road was entirely deserted. You can imagine what feelings coursed through my heart at that moment.

Tom turned and drew me to him. His arms encircled me in a passionate embrace. I felt the pressure of his lips time and again. Then I struggled to free myself. At first it seemed that the attempt would prove ineffectual, but finally he released me.

"You cad!" I said. "What is the meaning of this? I'm not that kind of a girl....."

I shall never go out with Tom again, never in my life. He believed me!



Strip.

**GIRLS ARE LIKE STEAMSHIPS—
IT TAKES A LITTLE TUG TO GET THEM
STARTED.**

Little Accidents.

When the professor absent-mindedly flunks the star tackle of the college.

When the bootlegger makes a mistake and drinks some of his own stuff.

When the pedestrian manages to get across the street without being struck by a car.

When the virtuous female mind-reader goes out with a college boy and sees what he is thinking about.

When the blind man on the street corner forgets himself and looks at his watch.

When anyone tries to mix adolescent whisky and steamed clams.

When the taxi driver learns that you haven't enough money to pay the fare.

When the lady's husband comes home unexpectedly.

Uncle : "When I was your age I thought nothing of a ten-mile walk every morning."

Nephew: "Well, I don't think much of it, either."

Mind your Maxims!

Twenty proverbs to make you think, and what you think (especially if you have an evil mind!) is none of our business. Anyway, grab a pencil, a lipstick, or what did you do last night, and fill in your own words.

He who.....and runs away will live to.....another day.

Marry in haste and.....at leisure.

A lean.....for a long.....

You can't teach an old.....new tricks.

Half a.....is better than no.....at all.

It's a long.....that has no.....

.....is made at night.

Man's best friend is his.....

Many are.....but few are.....

All.....and no.....makes.....a dull boy.

It is better to have.....and.....than never to have.....at all.

A.....of beauty is a joy forever.

A fool and.....are soon.....

He jests at.....who never felt a.....

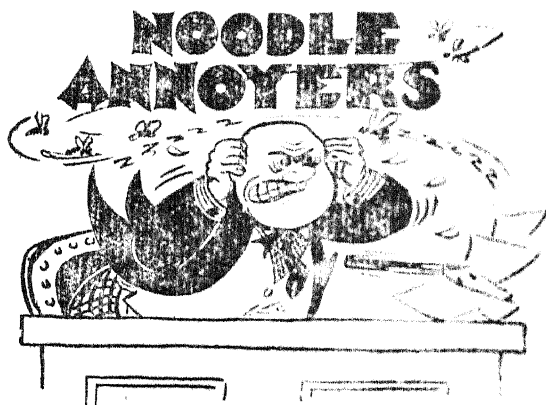
Absence makes the.....grow.....

A.....in the.....is worth two in the bush.

A little.....is a dangerous thing.

England expects every man to.....his.....

The better the.....the better the.....



How are your Grey Cells To-day?

*GEE WHIZ Submits a Few Brain
Teasers for the Guard Room
Habitués or those on Fatigues.*

A Bombay broker had one hundred rupees. He spent Rs. 5 for flowers, six rupees for cocktails, two eight for dinner, eleven rupees for cinema tickets, ten rupees for taxis and sixty rupees for champagne. How did he feel the next morning?

Mrs. Jones bought a quart of milk for three annas; two pounds of steak for one rupee and a dozen eggs for one-third as much as she paid for the milk and the steak. Where?

What time is it when the minute hand of a clock is at six and the hour hand is where the minute hand had been $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours earlier? What time is it if the watch doesn't run?

A night club advertises: "Fifty of the Most Beautiful Girls in the World." How many are fairly good looking?

A golfer drove a golf ball two hundred and fifty yards down the centre of the fairway. His second shot travelled two hundred and five yards to the green. If his third putt left him one foot farther from the cup than he had been on his first putt, and three feet farther than he had been on his second putt, what did he say to the ball?

In a city of a half million population, one hundred and eighty-six thousand voters went to the polls on Election Day. One candidate got seventy-three thousand votes, another sixty-two thousand votes, another fifteen thousand votes and another got twice as many votes as the plurality of the winning candidate. What did the voters get?

A train going 55 miles an hour left New York for Los Angeles. Twenty-four hours later a plane going 190 miles an hour left Los Angeles for New York. Which was nearer Los Angeles (the angels) when the plane crashed?

Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Robinson played bridge one afternoon for a twentieth of a cent a point. Mrs. Brown drank five cocktails and lost twice as much as Mrs. Smith won, but drank twice as much; Mrs. Robinson won \$ 1.65 and passed out. At what time did Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson get their dinners?

If A can do a piece of work in 3 days and B can do a piece of work in $4\frac{1}{2}$ days, why in hell don't they do it instead of going on relief?

Note.—The answers to these problems will not be found at the end of this book.



"I can't think why they put you on the retired list, General."

Get Away, Old Man, Get Away!

(We know that these flippery flappers just "can't take it" when it comes to advice, but we're going to print this poem regardless.)

Now listen, all you girls, when you come to choose
a man,

Don't take one who is ancient, get a young man if
you can.

For an old man he is old, and an old man he is
gray,

But a young man knows just how to love—

Get away, old man, get away!

You want to find a young man with healthy rosy
cheeks,

For if an old man gets the rheumatiz he stays in
bed for weeks.

I'd rather marry a young man with a goodly supply
of brains,

For there's no fool like an old fool and you can-
not make him change.

An old man may have money and cattle for his farm,

But a young man hugs much better for there's
power within his arm.

An old man and a young girl should never, never
mix,

For no one ever learned how to teach an old dog
new tricks.

Be sure to marry a young man no matter what the
cost,

For an old man's like an apple when bitten by the
frost.

For an old man he is old, and an old man he is
gray,

But a young man knows just how to love—

Get away, old man, get away!



"Nights like this do such things to me—in a nice way, of course."

IN A HOSPITAL.

lone and forgotten, devoid of a friend,
adly and grimly you wait for the end.

irrhosis of liver and stones in your spleen,
angrene of the leg and bats in your bean,
ust in your lungs and kidneys that whine,
oils and stricture, T. B. of the spine,
nd mastoiditis that makes living a dread,
nd sinus trouble that splits open your head,
ernia, lesion, a lock in your bowels,
ou lie like a mummy and listen to howls.

ou lie and you rot and you wonder the while
What in hell there is left that is worth half a smile,
With speculum, scalpel, forceps and knife
And that heathenish bed-pan, the bane of your life !
With vile salts and pills they flush you inside,
While the ravage of bed-sores is tearing your hide.
And your friends come around and they look and they nod
And they say to themselves, "He'll soon be with God."

And the doctors and nurses all file by your bed
And go away saying, "Why isn't he dead ?"

So they give you the ether till your brain gets lame,
Then with hack-saw and chisel make holes in your frame.
They steal your appendix, gizzard and gall
And give your intestines a full overhaul.
With mashie and niblick the surgeon wades in,
You are bludgeoned from forelock to knee-cap and shin.
With horse-rasp and cleaver he plies his great art
And removes all your vitals save liver and heart.

You think of yourself, but what hurts you much worse
Is to see some poor victim hauled off to a hearse.
While of course you have suffered, it's nothing at all
Compared with some poor devil right down the hall.
You feel strength returning to your joints and frame,
And you're glad after all that you tried to be game.
You're sorry as hell for the moaning and squealing,
As you'll soon be all right—it's a glorious feeling.



"But Cecil, I thought we came out here to look for a needle!"

"Marmaduke the Magnificent."

Herein are narrated the stirring adventures of Cecil Marmaduke Xconopolis, a scion of a famous Greek family who conquered Soho, somewhere in London, many many years ago. He is a person of striking poisonality, (always leading with his left—the result of being dragged up in the dear old English manner). His appeal to women may centre round a surfeit of filthy lucre. Mind you, his other tributes are many (see illustration under the heading 'This is Cecil.') You will notice there the fine Grecian nose; while the beautiful blonde crimped hair must cost him a pretty penny at the local tonsorial establishment. His clothes are the last word from Scavengers Row. Perumes, brilliantine and other appurtenances so necessary to one of his bearing supplied by any 10 cent store.

The story begins at the moment of reading, and though many characters may enter and exit during now and the end of the story, don't worry about it, you leave that side of the business to me.

The start is somewhat striking.

Konk ! Konk !! Konk !!!

"Good," said one of the konkers, known as Hamsandwich, because of a streaky complexion, "that seems to have nettled Marmaduke."

"Yeh," agreed Smeller the Skunk, (such nomenclature being the result of a proboscis, so reminiscent of Cyrano de Bergerac); while Bugsy the Shrimp, was getting a bit excited since he had been left holding the bag, so naturally he was eager that they make use of it and get this hunk of flesh inside it.

"Come on," wheezed Shrimp, "youse guys huv got to give me a hand—this hunk must weigh two hunnert pounds."

"Ho kay," chorused the partners, as they bundled our dear Cecil into the bag.

"Wal," grunted the Shrimp can fix snatch ourselves a make a swall job of the woiks."

Proceeding to they treated them-lated spirit highball,

lighting up spirit. Since the war they never thought about beer, indeed, it made them cry to think you had to be a soldier before you were given the privilege of consuming such succulent fare, and this, after the great experience in shooting they had had in good old prohibition days. Naturally there was a difference to-day; those soldier guys shoot too, and weren't they supplied with the best in



Smeller, "I guess the bag while we drink—and see you it, or we'll give you

the nearest chemist, selves to a methy. finding this the ideal

me staggering into the medico's, but after a il he straightened up sufficiently to follow the awaiting truck.



*The shades of night had fallen fast when into G. H. Q. I passed a man, with lighted lamp held high, who muttered with a piercing cry :
"Where is my b—y bike ?"*

Jumping into the cab of the stationary truck, Shrimp set the engine in motion, while the other two brought the bag containing the body of our hero and pitched it into the truck, following likewise to take up a position beside the body.

"Get going," shouted Hamsandwich. "Make for Waterloo Bridge."

Pushing the throttle down to the floorboards, the truck was soon speeding along at its top speed of 5 miles an hour. Naturally at such a pace the going was tough, but since it was blackout, Bugsy could not be blamed for taking bomb craters in his stride: it was only when he started to send intermittent showers of bricks and mortar upon the uncovered carcasses of his pals that they complained and wanted to know if that he join the

HAMSANDWICH /



it was necessary demolition squad.

Having disappeared into the dark Thames, they proceeded to the nearest telephone booth of their good boss when they might the 2,000 smack-the job.

posed of the body waters of the ceeded to the to acquaint the work and to learn come and collect roos promised for

"Hello, Hello," shouted Smeller, "is that Bone Liniment?"

"Yeh," announced the guy who had rubbed many out of their pain. "What do you want?"

"Wal, Boss, we's finished the job, and can we get the dough?"

"Sure," answered Liniment, whose voice certainly burned the wires, "come right over!"

In less time than it takes to write they arrived at the magnificent lodging house, in Petticoat Lane, where the munificent Liniment resided. Dashing up the spiral stair way, to the tenth floor, they were astounded (despite

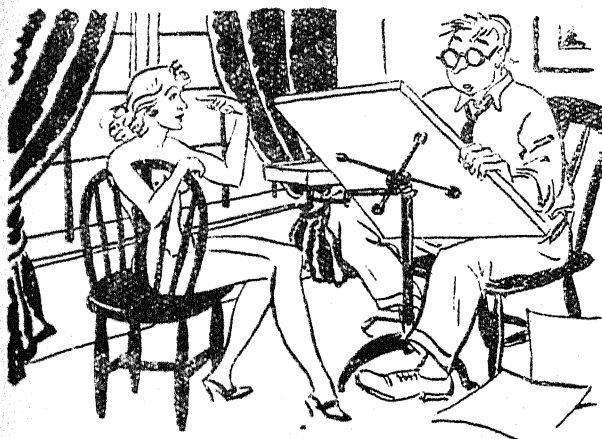
ght dizziness and difficulty in breathing), to find the
lef's door torn from its hinges, the "Times" furniture
ewn around the room as if struck by a cyclone, and the
ss all trussed and gagged, and altogether looking like
body's business.

The ordeal of their journey had somewhat dulled their
lexes, but in the course of half-an-hour they were able
remove the gag from Bones' mouth and hear for the
mpletion of the hour some choice expletives.

Shrimp was the first to recover and, from behind the
lwart forms of his partners was able to murmur: "What
ppened, Boss?"

"Why," stormed the noble Bones Liniment; "didn't
use guys know he understudied HOUDINI!!!!

The END.



"Can you draw?"

"Sure."

*"Then you better draw these curtains or
we'll have a crowd outside."*



"Blimey! my horoscope says No!"

And finally WOMEN (God bless 'em) !

Most women don't mind what a man's principles in^ebusiness are, so long as he is successful and "nobody knows".



If you tell woman your feet are larger than hers she is flattered, but when you tell her it is a proven fact that a woman has less brains than a man, she is annoyed.



You may win a woman in three days of passion, and lose her by three weeks of love.

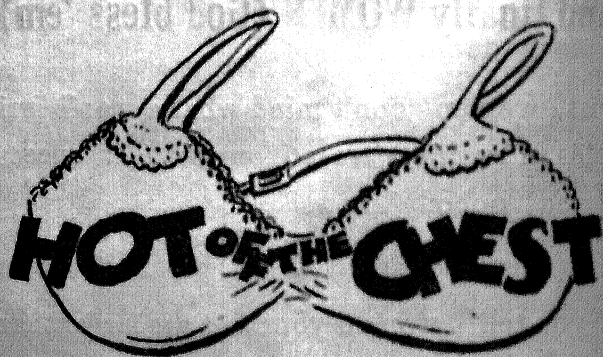


Women—the *fair* sex ?

No!—the *unfair* sex !



Every woman imagines the world thinks her a marvel for "putting up with her husband"—and vice versa !



Fashion note: They're wearing the same thing in brassieres this year.



A little curve has kept many a soldier from going straight.



Many a heaving bosom is nothing more than a hope chest.



A girl who never gets a chance to go out with a sailor must be in awful shape.



A girl who swears she's never been kissed has a right to swear!

Broad-mindedness ! What sins are committed in thy name !



"What do naughty Egyptian girls become?"

"Mummies."



Here is one about a girl boxing-fan who married three noblemen—she knew how to handle her dukes.



The only men who haven't always got their minds on the girls are the ones who've always got their hands on them.



Some men are not to be trysted.



Calf love is just a foolish vealing.



"Whenever my wife needs money she calls me handsome."

"Handsome?"

"Yeah. Hand some over!"



Love is like soup—if you want to know what's in it you'll have to do a little spooning.



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 Girl and boy sat in a car,
 What took place they ain't admittin',
 But what she's knittin' ain't for Britain!

The modern girl knows how to drape,
 And here and there she'll pin it;
 But her bathing suit has little shape
 Until her shape gets in it.

Codfish to mackerel,
 Catfish to smelt,
 Never shake a cocktail
 If you've lost your belt.

Mary had a little lamb,
 Her father killed it dead,
 Now it goes to school with her,
 Between two hunks of bread.

Her father is a plumber
 So she's never on the shelf;
 'Cause every time that she goes out
 She plum forgets herself.

ON BUYING A CAR.

"Hullo ! Hullo ! Is that you, John? Bruce speaking. Can you meet me Friday ?"

"Certainly !"

"Good. Make it the Lancers Club for lunch," and continuing : "I want to buy a car for Marion."

Bruce was a born horseman, but I felt that he needed some expert advice on buying synthetic horseflesh in terms of horsepower. Moreover, Marion was his wife and an old friend of mine. Had I not seen Bruce through most of his troubles and was I not his best man at his last great trial of all ? Never let it be said that I let a friend down.

After lunch Bruce hailed a taxi and we drove to one of those huge emporiums so typical of dear old London. There must have been something unusual about the occasion, for in the excitement of the moment Bruce forgot his customary altercation about the taxi fare. As the taxi drove away, we braced ourselves up and made for a smaller door, the main one being guarded by an impressive looking person whom Bruce insisted was "Old Snorter," his G.O.C. whilst in India.

"Good morning," we said together to the expensive looking gentleman who came to meet us, "we want to buy a car!" "Look here, Bruce," I said, having been thoroughly startled by the surprising result of both our tenor voices in unison, "since you are buying the car, I suggest you take over the preliminaries."

"Indeed! I was about to suggest," said Bruce, "that you would not be required until the car is actually being vetted. Now, Sir (to the man of the shop), I want a car."

"This, I am afraid, Sir, is the ladies underclothing department. Hats and gloves on the left, dressing gowns, pyjamas and shirtings on the second floor, and Babies' cars and perambulators on the third floor. Would you take the lift, Sir?"

"Damn!" said Bruce, "we must have taken the wrong door."

"All right," said I, "carry on, Sir, lead me to the car and I will vet, it over—my work commences then."

Back again we went to the large door and Bruce a little shaken saluted "Old Snorter" with either hand alternately until I pushed him into the sale room, stocked with real motor cars of every breed and colour. A tired looking man, immaculately dressed, sauntered towards us. Bruce disliked him from the word go—I could see that!

"Now, my good man," said Bruce in his most patronising voice, "can't you recognise a customer when you see one!!? I want to see the sales manager and be sharp about it, my time is precious."

"I only happen to be the Managing Director," said the immaculate one. "But perhaps I can be of use. What can I do for you?"

"I—er—want the ladies underclothing department,"



"Have you something suitable for a lady learning how to drive?"

stammered Bruce, "—er—. No, damme, I mean I want a lady's car."

"I am afraid they are the same for both sexes, Sir," said the immaculate one. Bruce looked at me like a wounded deer and collapsed into a handy chair.

"The Major wants a car for his wife," I said, "it's her forty-seventh birthday to-morrow."

"Twenty-seventh, you fool!" shouted Bruce lashed to life again by such libel.

"Yes," I continued, "the war has made us feel so old, seventeenth birthday, of course."

"Can you give me some idea of what make of car you would like?" said our tired friend.

"About fourteen hands," interrupted Bruce, "chestnut or mottled grey, must be a good jumper and used to following the hounds."

Our friend was not amused, and in fact a little peeved, so we agreed to look over what he had.

"This, Sir," said our enterprising salesman falling into the patter of his earlier days, "is a silent Fin Synchronesh Scrolls Voice Baboon—I mean saloon. Three speeds Faith, Hope and Charity and reverse—twenty brilliant lights all operated by one switch—central heating, hot and cold water laid on, price 4,000 guineas."

"How cheap," sighed Bruce, "if it ever has a litter please keep me a pup—it must be a thorough-bred. Let's

uy two," he said turning to me, "and breed our own!"
Ve finished up buying a "Gallstone Seven" and I dragged
Bruce from the shop a bedraggled and perspiring wreck.

"Shall I send it, Sir," shouted the tired one, "or will
ou call for it?"

"No," replied Bruce tersely with heated satire, "post
t!!"

THE END.



A tack in the Rear!

husky young man that made him seek other, and vastly different, fields of endeavour during the hot vacation season.

This fall, as usual, Buck reported back to Mid West in the pink of condition. His blue eyes were clear and steady, his hands hardened by rugged work, his well-knit frame lithe and without an ounce of superfluous flesh. In his manner, however, one noted a subtle difference.

Trevor Bradley, Buck's room-mate in Ohio Hall, was the first to detect this, and to Trevor, his bosom friend through three years at Mid West, Buck poured out his soul.

"Yes, Trev.," he admitted, "this summer was different for me." He paused. "There was a girl."

"Ah," said Trevor, and lapsed into a silence of true understanding, leaning back in the one comfortable Morris Chair the suite boasted.

"Yes," admitted Buck again, "there was a girl—and *what* a girl! You know me, Trev. You know I wouldn't fall for any ordinary woman. Gladys was different, even if she was a hashier."

"A hashier!" Trevor Bradley, of Mayflower stock, was dumb-founded. "Good Lord, Buck, did you fall for a—a waitress?"

"Wait, old man!" Buck held up his gnarled and tanned hand. "I headed for the North Woods this summer. Landed a job as lumberjack with the Big Pines outfit on Michigan peninsula."

"Everything went fine and dandy. Of course I signed up as Buck Harris of Chicago, and none of the woods crew knew me from Adam's off goat. I was just another wood-tick, did my day's work hacking down the tall uncut; ate and slept with the men like a regular fellow, and found them to be a fine bunch of huskies. The men were jake."

"One night, just about sun-down, I was taking a stroll, all by myself, down toward the backwoods lumber-camp town about five miles from our railhead, when I met Gladys...Never mind how we got talking. We did, anyhow, and I found out that she was a gem of purest ray serene."

"From somewhere on the West Coast, was Gladys. On her own, and working as a waitress—'hasher,' they call it in the woods—at the one hotel in that hick town.

"Well, we sorta got so well acquainted that evening that I looked forward to meeting her again. And I did. After that evening I looked forward to nights and Sundays, and we would take hikes through the pines. What did we find to talk about? Well, I was just 'Buck Harris, lumberjack,' you know, and Gladys was—well, Gladys was just a hasher.

"But Trev, that girl had seen a lot of the world, traveling about on her own. And she had read a lot, too. uncommonly educated for a waitress. Well, we never lacked for things to talk about."

He paused a long moment.

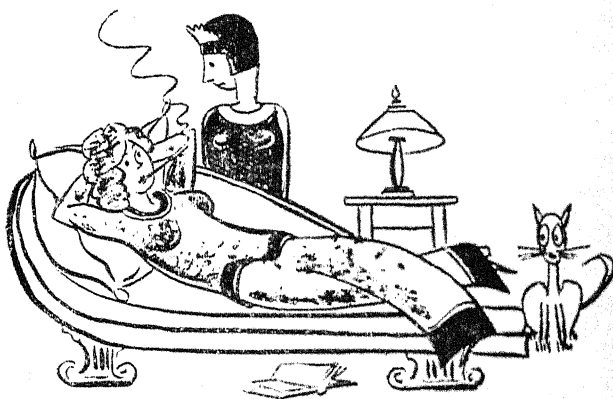
"Trev," Buck continued, at last, "I found myself laying awake nights in my bunk at the lumber camp, thinking about Gladys. Man, I will confess I was hard hit. But you know how I am fixed. There's Dad, proud of his fine old family line, dreaming of seeing me married some day to a girl of our social station. And there's the Mater. She certainly never would survive the shock if I introduced Gladys, a mere waitress, into the Harrison family.

"Well, I tossed and tossed, there in bed, old man, till the thing began to wear on me. Then, one Sunday night, the situation cleared itself. Gladys quit her job and headed west. Said that life in the woods was a little too dull for her. I may be a cad, old man, but I think that girl cared for me a bit. It hurt to say good-bye. But it was for the best. I had to think of the Family, you know."

In a tastefully furnished boudoir in the exclusive Knob Hill section of old San Francisco, Gladys Montgomery, daughter of one of the proudest and wealthiest first families of California, was addressing her slim little Irish maid.

"Kathleen," she declared, "how I envy you!"

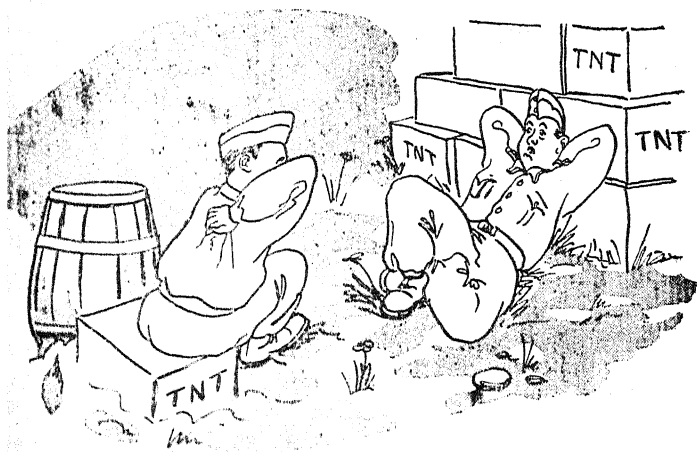
"You envy me, Miss Gladys?" repeated the maid wide-eyed. She had always thought her young mistress slightly "queer." A rich girl like Gladys Montgomery, to go gallivanting all over the country each summer playing at being a "Poor working girl" when she might have been in the Sierras, in Europe or Hawaii? It puzzled the honest Kathleen sore.



Kathleen said no more, but took her leave when she had completed her mistress' toilette. For a few seconds Gladys Montgomery stared reflectively in the glass at the reflection of this dainty, cultured young society woman of odd and democratic impulses. She sighed at her mirrored self.

"Ah, Gladys Monte, waitress at Big Timber, indeed you should envy Kathleen. At least *she* could marry the man of her choice. Kathleen could accept the attentions of a fine young lumberjack. Ah, Buck, Buck, you will never know! If it were not for my family!....."

THE END.



"What's a louse, Bill?"

"Search me."

From Near And Around.

Bill shouldn't have married Irene. In six months' time she's made him a pauper!

Wow! Is it a boy or a girl?

We hear that this year's bathing suits are
barely big enough to keep a girl from being
tanned where she ought to be.

Why, you couldn't even dress me!
Well, what of that? I could learn!

Three kinds of women:
The Beautiful
The Intellectual
The MAJORITY.

The best ten years of a woman's life are between 29 and 30.

I'm awfully fond of Bill. I admire him and respect him above any other man. The only trouble is that he acts a little fresh occasionally.

Yes, isn't it strange how quickly a man can undo anything?

First golfer : "The traps on this course are very annoying."

Second golfer : (trying to putt) "Yes, will you please shut yours?"

"Madam, will you please get off my foot?"

"Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?"

"Don't tempt me, lady, don't tempt me!"

Youthful WREN : "I'd like to see the Captain of the ship."

Sailor : "He's forward, Miss."

Y. W. : "That's all right. This is a pleasure trip."

"I represent the Mountain Wool Co., Ma'am. Would you be interested in some coarse yarns?"

"Gosh, yes, tell me a couple."

Boy friend : "Are you free this evening?"

Girl friend : "Well, not exactly free, but very inexpensive."

AT LONG LAST.

What chance has a college story without a girl anyhow?

"I thought you'd forgotten me," she cooed as he handed her a large bunch of American Beauties.

"You sweet boy! And now sit down here and tell me where you've been all these years and years. You know we coeds are apt to turn to somebody else if we don't get attention."

Bruno seated himself beside her on the sofa and began his story.

"Well, you see," he explained.

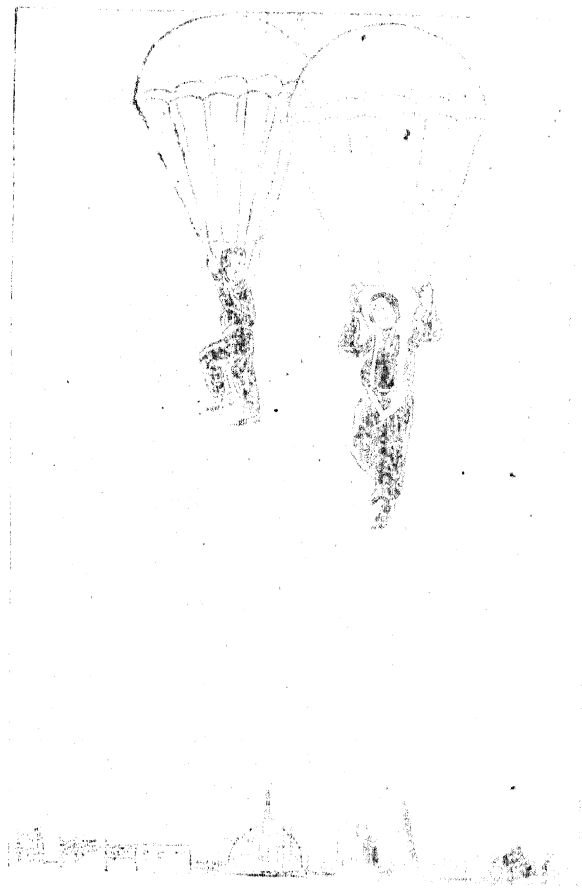
Bruno stopped. Margery was staring in horror at his legs. "Ye Gods," thought Bruno, "I must have forgotten to wear my pants or something." He glanced down to reassure himself.

"Garters!" she shrieked. "You with garters! Bruno, our engagement is cancelled." And here she thrust into his trembling hand the ring he had purchased for her last fall—after hocking his tuxedo. "I could marry a swindler, a thief, a drunkard, a murderer, or even a man who carries an umbrella, but a college man who wears garters? Never! Never! Never!"

"Just when I thought I had discovered a use for them," shrieked Bruno as he stumbled back to Kentucky Hall. And then suddenly there came into his eyes a gleam of enlightenment. "Now I know," he said simply, and quickened his steps.

Late that night Bruno Cable's two room-mates, returning from the local, softly opened the door of 204 Kentucky and tip-toed into the room. Simultaneously they gasped in horror. There, hanging from the chandelier in the middle of the room, was the lifeless body of Bruno! With protruding eyes the horror-stricken pair edged gingerly towards the body and examined the noose round Bruno's neck. For a moment they stared at each other incredulously. "Garters!" exclaimed the twain in the same breath.

On Bruno's tombstone in the Cable family plot you will find the simple inscription: "He found a use for them at last."



"If this is Calcutta, we're all right. I know a couple of cuties here."

TRY AN' BREAK IT

Steve Bartelma had never murdered his brother, his common-law wife, or his best friend. But for a sufficient cash inducement he would probably have shot down all three with the same cold-eyed callousness that had marked his other killings. Bartelma was that unpleasant thing, a killer with a gun for hire.

So he was quite interested in Sammy Golder's proposition because Sammy owned the "Golden Palm"—night club, pick-up joint, gambling-house—and Sammy could pay plenty.

Golder was behind the big desk in the night-club office. His voice, like its owner, was soft and flabby.

"Here's the set-up, Bartelma—it's simple. You know the Zarina apartments?"

Bartelma nodded. He also knew that Golder's fancy blonde lived there, but he didn't mention it.

"Right. About one o'clock to-night a man in a cream Ford roadster will be arriving there. He'll be alone. And you'll drop him as he steps out of the car. Got it?"

Bartelma grinned. "Sure. Zarina Apartments—cream Ford roadster—one o'clock. Who's the guy?"

"You don't need to know. And the less you know the better if the police pick you up."

"Okay." Bartelma was indifferent. "What's it worth, Mr. Golder?"

Golder pursed his fat lips. "Let's say two hundred. All right? You can make your own arrangements. But don't forget the police would love to hang something on you—so there'd better be no slip-ups, Bartelma."

"There won't be," Bartelma said in his flat voice. "An' I'll take a hundred now, Mr. Golder."

Bartelma glanced at his watch as he left the "Golden Palm." Ten o'clock. Three hours—that was plenty for his simple arrangements. First, he'd better fix an alibi

He was taking no chances—the cops had quite a file about Steve Bartelma, even though they'd never been able to make a charge stick.

In the corner phone-box he dialled a number and spoke softly into the mouthpiece.

"Clancy? Steve. I'm on a job to-night, Clancy. One, o'clock. Yeah. So I was doin' a little quiet drinkin' with you an' the boys in Ma Kerrigan's back room, if anyone wants to know. Okay? Wise up a coupla the boys, willya? Sure, Joe, an' Darky. We started about midnight, an' broke it up around two-thirty, see? Thanks, Clancy. See you tomorrow for the hand-out.

He went back to the "Golden Palm" to kill a couple of hours. He checked over his automatic in the privacy of the toilet, and then took a corner table, listening to the music and drinking well-spaced whiskies until it was time to go.

Bartelma's watch showed ten minutes to one as his gloved hands eased the big car into the kerb a hundred yards from the Zarina. His cold efficiency had timed everything well, and the owner of the powerful sedan had not yet discovered his loss.

His gun ready on the seat beside him, Bartelma waited for the cream Ford. He sat slewed round in the seat so that he could see through the rear window, hard eyes fixed on the intersection.

The minutes passed. Then he stood on the starter as the roadster swung around the corner, waited till the car had passed, and moved in on its tail. He was close behind as the roadster stopped in the dim light reflected from the Zarina's foyer.

The driver's back was a wide and easy target as he stepped out of the car. Bartelma's gun spat twice, and before the body hit the pavement he was screaming through the gears up the street.

He dropped to normal speed as he entered the main road and assured himself there was no pursuit. He turned into the river road, and as he crossed the bridge his gun

flew over the parapet. Bartelma grinned tightly. The whole business had been a cinch.

He left the stolen car in a side-street, and walked several blocks before he took a taxi. And he changed cabs three times before he got home to sleep. Bartelma had quite a respect for the police.

He was eating a late breakfast, and was just starting the newspaper story of the Zarina murder when they arrived.

Bartelma's stomach tensed for a moment as he opened the apartment door. Carey and Brown from C. I. B. ! They'd got around to him damned quickly. His mind raced over the details of the shooting as he automatically wisecracked them inside. He was certain he'd made no mistakes—this could only be a fishing trip. And his confidence came back with a rush as he remembered the alibi he'd fixed with Clancy.

He bared his teeth at the Sergeant in an unpleasant grin.

"What's on your dirty mind, Carey ?" he said evenly.

"The Zarina murder," Carey told him slowly. "You wouldn't know anything about it, Bartelma ?"

"Not a thing. You're wastin' your time, copper. Me, I got a nice alibi for one o'clock."

"Who said anything about one o'clock ?" Carey shot back.

Bartelma laughed in his face offensively. "The newspapers, smart guy," he sneered, and he cackled again as Carey flushed.

"Let's hear this alibi of yours, Bartelma," he said shortly. "And make it good."

"Listen, Hawkshaw. From midnight till two-thirty I was at Ma Kerrigan's with some friends—and they'll swear to it, see ?"

"They probably will. Your friends would swear they saw fairies for the price of a beer. Who were they, Bartelma ?"

"Goin to check up, eh? Go ahead, copper. It won't do you no good. There was Clancy, an' Joe Silva, an'—"

"And Darcy Snell." Carey's eyes were narrow, puzzled. "That's what Darcy told us when we pulled him out of bed. But—" He paused uncertainly. "Let's get this straight, Bartelma. You say that at one o'clock—the time of the shooting—you were holding hands with Clancy, and Joe and Darcy were looking on. Is that right?"

"Sure. That's my story. An' try an' break it, Carey," Bartelma grinned.

Carey was silent for a long moment. "I don't know that I want to," he said slowly. "I can't sort it out yet—but I will. Get your hat, Bartelma—you've got some heavy explaining to do. Because in case you don't know it, it was Clancy that collected a couple of slugs at the Zarina last night."



"Look out! I might have cut the customer."

THINK THESE OUT.

(A few puzzles to entertain you and maybe they will help you to put one over on the other guy—when you know the Answers).

One. A monkey sets out to climb a greased flag-pole 21 feet high. How many days will it take to reach the top if it climbs two feet each day and slips back one foot each night?

Two. A hunter leaves his hut on a hunting trip. He travels 10 miles South and then 10 miles East, where he shoots a bear. From there he travels 10 miles North back to his hut. What was the colour of the bear he shot? *

Three. A train is moving at 60 miles an hour. In the rear carriage a man is leaning outside one of the windows and fires a revolver (the bullet travelling also at 60 miles an hour) at a man on the running board moving towards the engine. Could the bullet hit the man while the train was still in motion?

Four. A man about town pays one shilling to enter a night-club. While there he spends half his money and on leaving gives a shilling to the hat attendant. He visits further three night-clubs and goes through the same procedure. On coming out of the last club he has no money left. How much did he begin the evening with?

GHOST MULTIPLICATION

Five. How quickly can you fill in the correct numbers in the following unsolved multiplication problem?

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{-- -- 4} \\
 \text{-- 1 --} \\
 \hline
 \text{-- -- -- 4} \\
 9 \text{ -- --} \\
 \hline
 \text{-- -- -- --} \\
 \hline
 2 \text{ -- -- -- --} \\
 \hline
 \hline
 \end{array}$$

HOW ODD

Six. What are the five odd numbers that when added together total 14?

TRULY REMARKABLE

Seven. Joan is 4380 times as old as John, who is twice as old as Jane. They all have the same mother who is 20 times as old as Joan. If all their ages together add to a little over 21 years, what are the ages of these three children?

ANY NUMBER OF TIMES

- Eight.*
1. Produce 500 by means of addition using the same digit 8 times.
 2. Produce 3 by means of 4's.

SOME RELATION

Nine. A SHORT person and a TALL person are walking down the street: the former is the son of the latter, but the latter is not the father of the former. What then is the relationship of the TALL person to the SHORT person?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 108.

CROSSED WIRES

A Drama in Three Rounds.

Cast of Characters

(in the order of their appearance) :

SPICK : A natty little man-about-town, full of nervous energy. Inclined to be cocky.

SPAN : As tall as they make 'em : as powerful as they make 'em : as slow as they make 'em.....

Time : Any day between 8 a.m. and 8 a.m. when a man is most inclined to be short-tempered, and when women are most annoying.

Scene : A secluded spot in the Grand Central Depot. There is an arch at centre up stage. Discovered at rise of curtain, two telephone booths, one at either side of arch, staring vacantly at audience.

Mr. Spick skips blithely through arch, crosses stage R and steps smartly into telephone booth R. Drops nickle in slot and takes up receiver.

SPICK : Hello, Hello.....Worth 9929, and make it snappy!

At this exciting moment, SPAN enters through arch, lumbers across stage L and trips into booth L.

SPAN : Hello, Operator.....Is this the Operator?

SPICK : Wazzat? Is this Worth 9929?

SPAN : No, sir, this is me. I want the Operator.

SPICK : Well, go ahead and get her.....But get off my line, I'm in a hurry.

SPAN : Aw, go wag your ears.....

SPICK : I'll wag your ears.....Get off the line, and don't be all day about it.

SPAN : You heard me.....Go wag your tail. I want the Operator, myself.

SPICK : Well, try and get her.

SPAN : Operator.....Operator.....

SPICK : Worth 9929.....You still on this line ? I thought I told you to get off, and give me a chance ?

SPAN : I heard you. And I told you I wanted the Operator. And I'm gonna stay right here till we elect a Chinese President.

SPICK : Is that so !

SPAN : Go wiggle your toes.....

SPICK : I'll wiggle *your* toes, you.....

SPAN : Operator.....Operator !

SPICK : Don't "Operate" me.....

SPAN : Oh, g'wan or I'll stuff this receiver down your throat.

SPICK : Did you say *my* throat ?

SPAN : Well.....whose throat you got on to-day ?

SPICK : Ah, quit your kidding. Lissen to me.....we're wasting a lot of time. Why don't you get wise to yourself and hang up.....

SPAN : You lissen to me a minute.....Are you lissening?

SPICK : Yes, I'm lissening.....

SPAN : (gently) Go wiggle your adenoids.

SPICK : What.....?

SPAN : You hoid me.....unless you're as deaf as you are dumb.

SPICK : DUMB ? Why, you stuffed shirt ! You thick-headed numbskull. You poor little shrivelled up runt.....You—/..... ! oo00—!

(Curtain is lowered for three

minutes by the Censors).

SPICK : (Continues) You must have a face like a raisinJust one of these little pin-points that get stuck on himself, eh ? Well, don't get wise with me.....see ? You little——/...000oooo ! !.....

(Quick curtain during the rest

of Spick's speech)

SPAN : (at rise of Curtain) Oh, go wiggle your after math.....

SPICK : Say.....say.....say hold on a minute. You wouldn't say that to my face, you.....you son-of-a-Bishop!

SPAN : I'll bet you ain't got a face !

SPICK : I repeat it.....you wouldn't say that to my face, you.....

SPAN : You wouldn't say that to *my* face.....nitwit.

SPICK : Sure I would. Say, it wouldn't make no difference to me if you was Joe Louis, I'd.....

SPAN : Joe Louis ? Tell it to the Marines ! If I hit you once.....your kids 'ud all be midgets.....

SPICK : Yeh ? Well, if I hit *you* once on your Adam's Apple, you'd spit cyder for a week. Then I'd—I'd.....

SPAN : Go wiggle your Adam's Apple.....

SPICK : You wiggle off this line, Stoopid, before I get good and sore.....Get me ?

SPAN : Say, Brother, if I ever did get you, I'd smack you so hard on your feeder that you'd lose all ambition.....

SPICK : You'd smack *me*, would you ? That's rich ! Listen, Big Boy.....I'll meet you anywhere, and knock you somewhere else.....see ? Just name the time and place, partner, and where you'd like to be buried.....

SPAN : Well, things are beginning to brighten up..... Now you're talking sense.

SPICK : How'd 10th Ave. and 49th St., suit you, my little buck ?

SPAN : O.K. with me.....when ?

SPICK : Sooner the better, Oscar. I haven't killed a man since Election Day, and I'm biting at the bit. How's ten minutes from now ?

SPAN : Fine. Now don't fail me or you'll break my heart.....

SPICK : I'll break your jaw !

SPAN : Aw, wiggle your teeth.....And make it snappy, I'm itching to get at you.....

SPICK : I'll be waitin' for you.....South East corner o'
10th and 49th.....

SPAN : I gotcha.....

*(Both men rush from booths and start
for center arch, colliding as they do so)*

SPICK : Aw.....Why don't you look where you're goin'?

SPAN : Aw.....go wiggle your.....Why Fred, you old
son-of-a-gun !

SPICK : Bill.....you old son-of-a-gun ! Wassa rush ?

SPAN : Got a date with a tough baby.....An' I'm gonna
knock his block off.

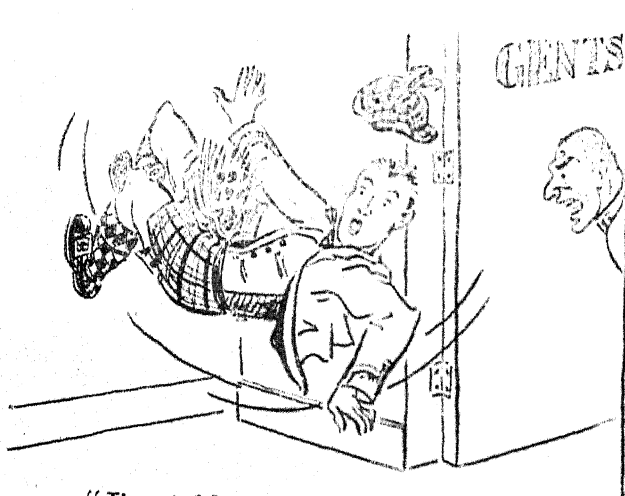
SPICK : Yeh ? Same here !

SPAN : Come on, Fred, I can't wait to lay my hands on
that little shrimp !

SPICK : Me too.....Les go.

*(Spick and Span walk off, arm in arm,
in the general direction of 10th and 49th)*

CURTAIN.



*"I've told you once before
you've got the wrong place !"*



*"Yes, Honey, I know when I've had enough
to drink—I get unconscious !*

"A dancer in a new show is having her body coated with white paint. It's a very clever novelty."

"Won't the police arrest her for obscenity?"

"Not until the novelty wears off."



"Do you serve women at this bar?"

"No. You have to bring your own."

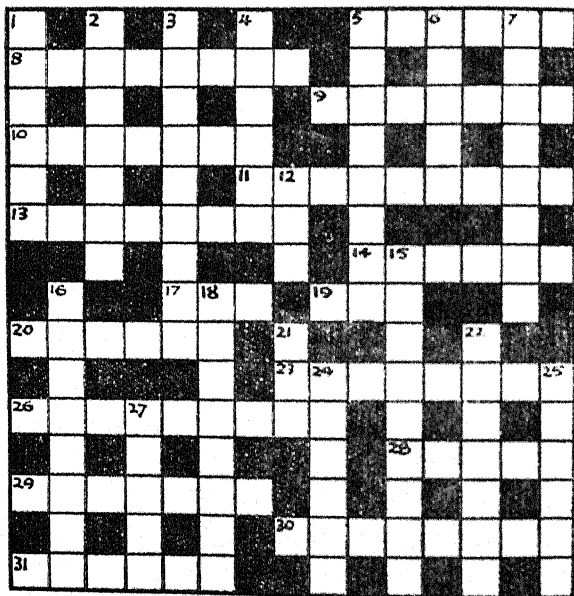


"Yassah," said the little coloured boy,

"I've named for my parents. Daddy's name was Ferdinand and Mammy's name was Liza."

"What's your name, then?"

"Ferdiliza."



ACROSS

The sort of hat for a belle? (6).

Many have faced the stake
and been broken by the
wheel at this (8).

There should not be alter-
natives in a Crossword
puzzle, but there is one
here (7).

If David had seen this bird
on his way to meet
Goliath he might have
taken it as an augury (7).

Unrivalled description of
the daughter whose mother
cannot get her off her
hands (9).

The Court in Wonderland
had to inquire into the
theft of the tarts; in this
the case is about a bun (8).

Entertainment one could
not give at an hotel?
(two words—2, 4).

Part of 20 across (3).

Part of 23 across (3).

Desuetude (6).

Water of Paradise (two
words—5, 3).

Surely the metal part of
this garment is unneces-
sary (9).

For a gardener, anyhow,
this bit of his work is
honest (5).

Wander from the course (7).

The height of fifty in a
boat (8).

One who disapproves of
sacrifice (6).

DOWN

1. Correctly what one
entitled to (6).

2. The bark of this tree has
medicinal uses (7).

3. Not evergreen (9).

4. An imputation (6).

5. This fuel should be econo-
mical, as half gives more
heat than the whole (8).

6. Oxford College (5).

7. Of fine appearance and in
upset homes too (8).

12. A bet about this would lead
you to a bit of a dance (3).

15. In spite of her bad temper
she might make quite a
good tram agent (9).

16. A Victorian Prime Mini-
ster (8).

18. Get the "Air Times" in
regular order (8).

21. There is some authority
for this sort of rant (3).

22. Poise (7).

24. What made the brides
upset? (6).

25. You will want it here
rearranged (6).

27. No slow author, he (5).

*For the solution, please
turn to Page 108.*



*"You've got me stumped now—I don't know
which is the nicer pair!"*

How Much Do You Know?

1. There's a big difference between these :
Savrola. Savonarola. Savanna. Savoyard. Saxifrage. Saveloy.

2. Deciding to free yourself from the smoking habit, you might start taking snuff. You would then be inhaling :

Pepper. Ground almonds. Burnt charcoal. Powdered zinc. Dried tobacco in its finest form.

3. Brown Jack is or was :

A famous racehorse. Notorious murderer. Mythical gentleman with views of his own on diet. Commander of the United States army in the American Civil War. The song hero whose "soul goes marching on."

4. Which are hips and which are haws ?

5. What have or had these people in common?

Ginger Rogers. Lady Hamilton. Ellen Wilkinson. Van Gogh. Sinclair Lewis. Queen Elizabeth Tudor.

6. How many presidents has the United States of America had ? Which of them has been president for three terms ?

7. Who brought into favour the phrase "Stealing my thunder ?"

8. A mickle is :

A new American word meaning mango pickle. A muddle. A small sickle. Scottish word meaning a little. Scottish word meaning a lot.

9. You have about :

A million. Three hundred. Four thousand. Three Million. A hundred and twenty thousand hairs on your head.

10. "Is it really true, Mother?" Usually it isn't, unfortunately, but in the case of Little Jack Horner it is. Who was the original ?

11. When you ask the rector to tea, it doesn't do at all to call him the vicar. What's the difference ?

12. If you went on an expedition to the Antarctic and took a refrigerator with you, would it keep the food at the temperature it keeps it at in your kitchen?

13. If you are a motorist worth your salt you are sure to know which is the most important nut on your car.

14. If you were sailing through the Panama Canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in what direction would you be going?

15. What do these commonly used foreign phrases mean and in what language are they?

(a) *sub rosa*. (b) *pied a terre*. (c) *non compos mentis*.
(d) *sotto voce*. (e) *in toto*. (f) *lebensraum*.

Don't Be Too Sure About These

1. The trap under a kitchen sink is for the purpose of catching grease.

True.....False.....

2. Ostriches hide their heads in the sand.

True.....False.....

3. Platinum is the most valuable metal.

True.....False.....

4. Dragon flies sting.

True.....False.....

5. Four states come together at right angles at only one place in the United States.

True.....False.....

6. The bite of the boa-constrictor is harmless.

True.....False.....

7. Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England.

True.....False.....

8. When monkeys look through one another's fur they are looking for fleas.

True.....False.....

9. A sponge is an animal.

True.....False.....

10. You weigh more dead than you weigh alive.

True.....False.....

11. There is no such thing as an undertow.

True.....False.....

12. Galileo invented the telescope.

True.....False.....

13. The story about Washington and the cherry tree is a myth.

True.....False.....

14. In a pendulum clock, the pendulum runs the clock.

True.....False.....

15. A red flag will madden a bull.

True.....False.....

16. The human eye is a perfect optical instrument.

True.....False.....

17. Nepal is part of India.

True.....False.....

18. New York is the world's great seaport.

True.....False.....

19. Kamchatka is an island off the coast of Africa.

True.....False.....

20. *Les Misérables* was written by Victor Hugo.

True.....False.....

21. Mahogany wood comes from one tree known as the mahogany tree.

True.....False.....

22. Owls spend a great deal of their time in the sunlight.

True.....False.....

23. Blind people do not hear or feel better than people who can see.

True.....False.....

24. A volcano in eruption gives off quantities of sulphur.

True.....False.....

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS ON PAGES 95.96, 102, 105, 106, 107.

One :— 20 days.

Two :— White—(he was living at the North Pole, hence he was able to return due north to his hut).

Three :— Yes.

Four :— 45/- (Forty-five shillings).

Five :—

914
316

5484
914
2742

288824

or

934
216

5604
934
1808

201744

Six :—

11
1
1
1

14

Seven :— Joan is one year old,
John is two hours old.
Jane is one hour old.

Eight :— 1. 444

44
4
4
4

500

:— 2.
 $4 \times 4 - 4 \div 4 = 3$

Nine :— Mother.



HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ? (Answers)

1. *Savrola* is the Prime Minister's only novel, Savon-
arola was an Italian social and political reformer hanged
for refusing obedience to Rome. Savanna is a treeless
plain covered with low vegetation, also a city of U. S. A.
Savoyard, a native of Savoy, Saxifrage a rock plant with
white, yellow or red flowers, and Saveloy a sausage.

2. Dried tobacco in its finest form.

3. A famous racehorse.

4. Hips are the fruit of the dog-rose, haws of the
hawthorn.

5. They all had red hair.

6. Thirty-two. President Roosevelt.

7. John Dennis, a dramatist and critic of Queen
Anne's time, wrote a play into which he introduced a new
kind of stage thunder. The play was refused a hearing,
but to his indignation they stole his thunder for *Macbeth*.

8. Old Scottish word for a lot.

9. About a hundred and twenty thousand. Blondes
have the most, redheads the least.

10. John Horner, steward to the Abbot of Glastonbury
at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, took the
deeds of the Abbey hidden in a pasty to Henry VIII. On
the way he took out the deeds of one of the properties
(the plum) and kept them for himself.

11. A rector is grander than a vicar. He gets tithes
paid by his parishioners, a vicar does not.

12. No. The temperature inside the refrigerator is
dependent on that of the air outside.

13. The loose nut.....sorry !

14. You would expect to find yourself going from east
to west, but owing to the way the canal cuts across the
isthmus you would sail from north-west to south-east.

15. (a) Under pledge of secrecy (Latin). (b) Some-
where to stay (French). (c) Mad (Latin). (d) In an under-
tone (Italian). (e) Entirely (Latin). (f) Living space
(German)—used a great deal since Hitler's advent.

DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THESE (Answers).

1. False.
2. False.
3. False. Radium is.
4. False.
5. True. Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah.
6. True. The danger in the boa-constrictor is his squeezing power. He has no harmful fangs.
7. False. Sir John Hawkins or Sir Francis Drake did.
8. False. They are looking for little flaky salty scales.
9. True.
10. False.
11. True.
12. False. Hans Lippershey did in 1608.
13. True.
14. False. The clock is run by a spring.
15. False.
16. False. It has many imperfections.
17. False. It is an independent state.
18. True.
19. False. It is a peninsula in Eastern Asia.
20. True.
21. False. There are a number of mahoganies—the term refers to a species of timber.
22. True.
23. True.
24. False. There is practically no sulphur in the lava given off by erupting volcanoes.

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